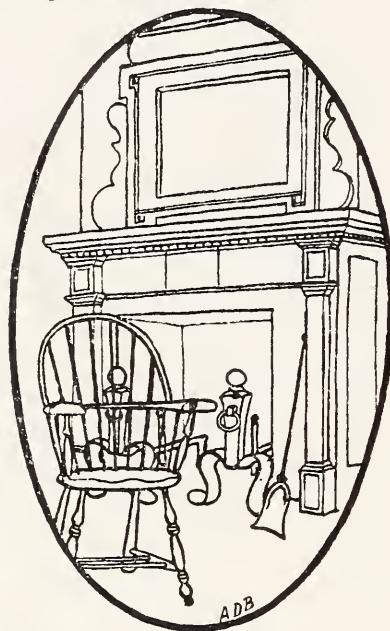


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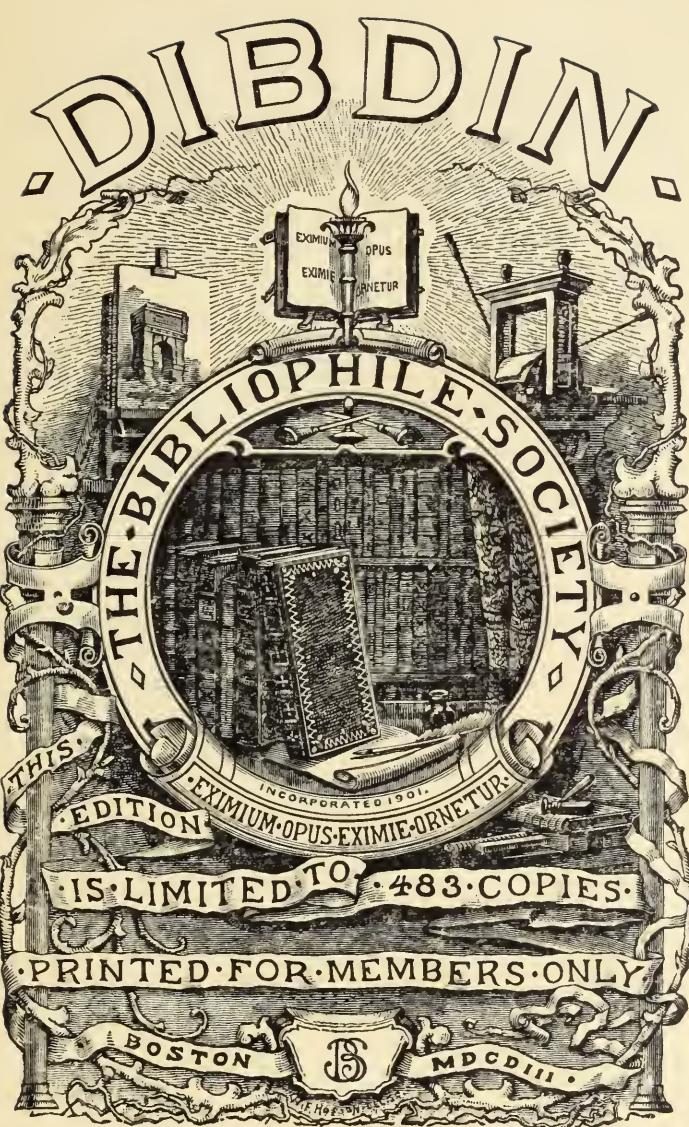
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THE BIBLIOMANIA
VOLUME II.





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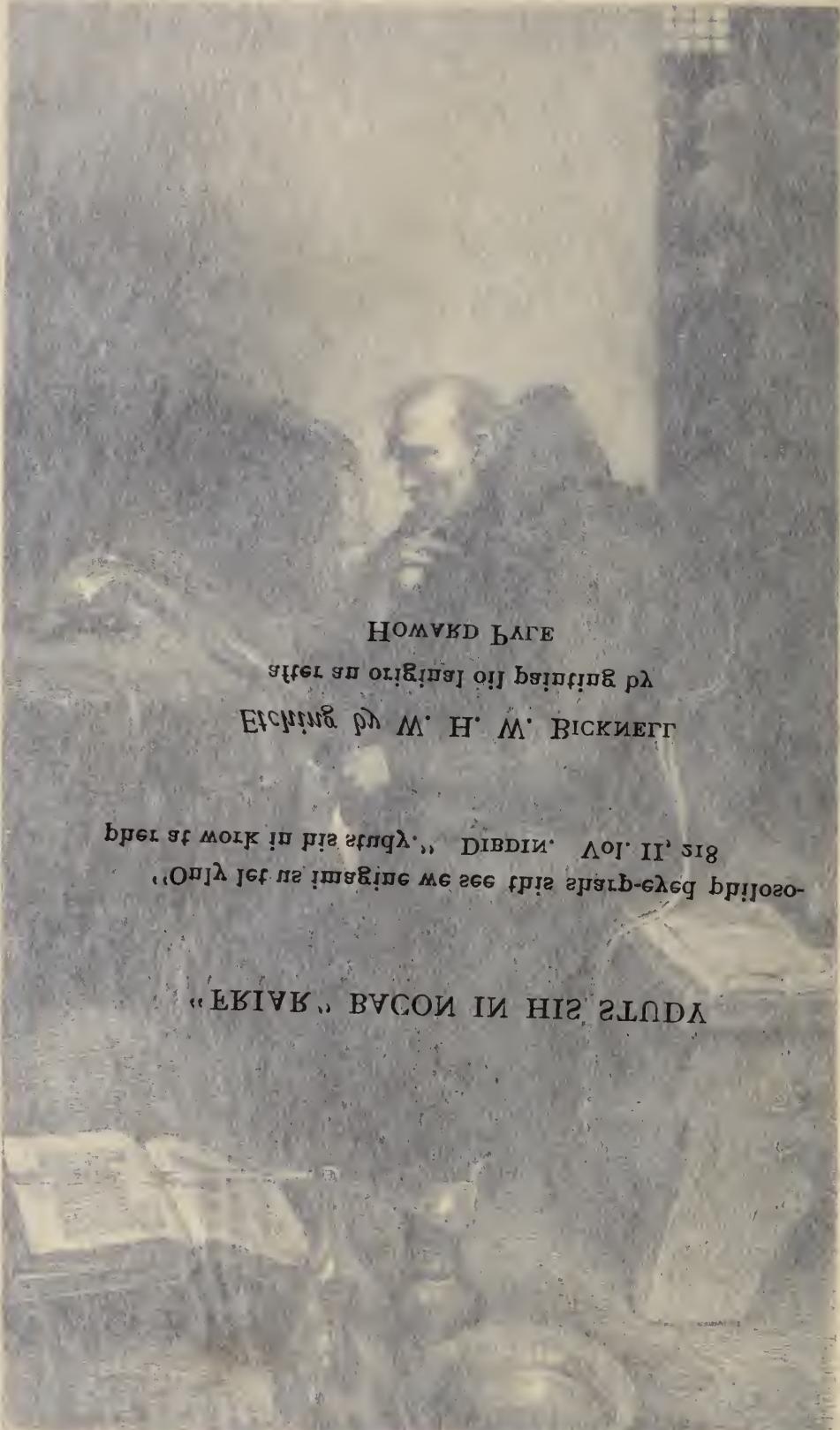


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HOWARD PYLE
Etching by W. H. W. BICKNELL
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"Only let us imagine we see this sharp-eyed philosopher
per at work in his study." DIBDIN. Vol. II, 218

"FRATER" BACON IN HIS STUDY



НОВАД ҆АГЕ

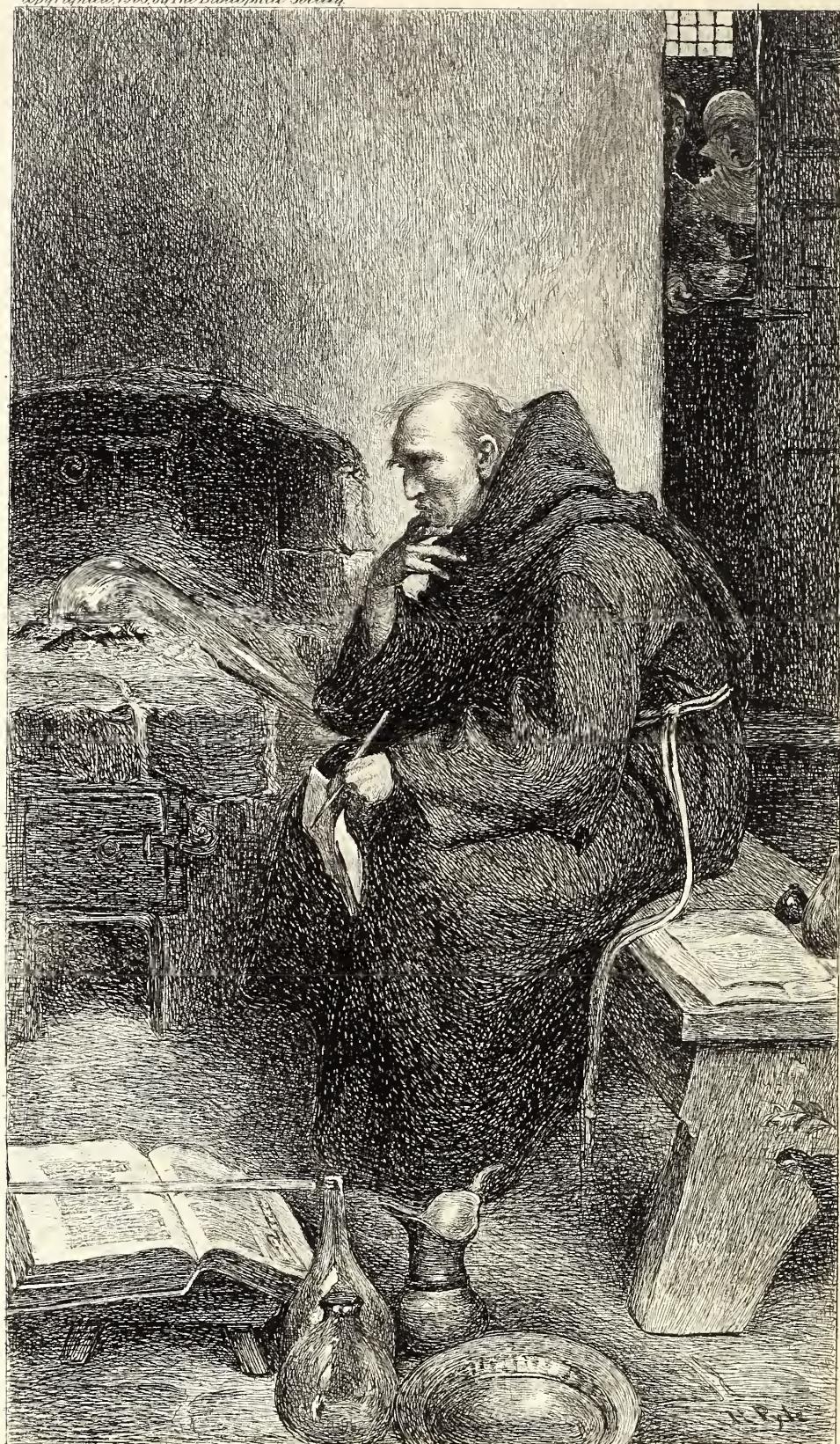
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ETCHING BY M. H. M. BICKNELL

„...the world is not so bad as it is...“ DIBDIN. 1812. II. 1812
„...the world is not so bad as it is...“ DIBDIN. 1812. II. 1812

“BALA“ IN NOVAZ “BALA“

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H. H. G. 1903

THE
BIBLICAL
ART

BOOK - 1620 - 1555
SYNTHETICISM
AND - CRAFT - IN
THE - BIBLE - THIS

THOMAS - THOMAS - THOMAS

"FRIAR" BACON IN HIS STUDY

"Only let us imagine we see this spirit-edged bipjoso-
bper at work in this study." Dibdin. Vol. II, 318

Engraving by W. H. W. BICKNELL

after an original oil painting by

HOWARD PYLE

BOSTON
THE PHILIPSBURG COMPANY
1891

1780-
1780-
1780-

THE
BIBLIOMANIA
OR
BOOK = MADNESS
HISTORY · SYMPTOMS
AND · CURE · OF
THIS · FATAL · DISEASE
BY
THOMAS · FROGNALL · DIBDIN



BOSTON
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PART I

THE EVENING WALK

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE

Rede well thyselfe that other folke can'st rede.

CHAUCER'S GOOD COUNSAIL

THE EVENING WALK

ON THE RIGHT USES OF LITERATURE

IT was on a fine autumnal evening, when the sun was setting serenely behind a thick copse upon a distant hill and his warm tints were lighting up a magnificent and widely extended landscape, that, sauntering midst the fields, I was meditating upon the various methods of honourably filling up the measure of our existence, when I discovered towards my left a messenger running at full speed towards me. The abruptness of his appearance and the velocity of his step somewhat disconcerted me; but on his near approach my apprehensions were dissipated.

I knew him to be the servant of my old college friend, whom I choose here to denominate Lysander. He came to inform me in his blunt and honest manner that his master had just arrived with Philemon, our common friend, and that, as they were too fatigued with their journey to come out to me, they begged I would quickly enter the house and as usual

WELCOME GUESTS

make them welcome. This intelligence afforded me the liveliest satisfaction.

In fifteen minutes, after a hearty shaking of hands, I was seated with them in the parlour, all of us admiring the unusual splendour of the evening sky, and in consequence partaking of the common topics of conversation with a greater flow of spirits.

“ You are come, my friends,” said I in the course of conversation, “ to make some stay with me; indeed I cannot suffer you to depart without keeping you at least a week; in order, amongst other things, to view the beauty of our neighbour Lorenzo’s grounds, the general splendour of his house, and the magnificence of his Library.”

“ In regard to grounds and furniture,” replied Lysander, “ there is very little in the most beautiful and costly which can long excite my attention — but the Library — ”

“ Here,” exclaimed Philemon, “ here you have him in the toils.”

“ I will frankly confess,” rejoined Lysander, “ that I am an arrant Bibliomaniac, that I love books dearly, that the very sight, touch, and more, the perusal — ”

“ Hold, my friend,” again exclaimed Phile-

THE CHALLENGE

mon, “you have renounced your profession — you talk of *reading* books — do Bibliomaniacs ever *read* books?”

“Nay,” quoth Lysander, “you shall not banter thus with impunity. We will, if it please you,” said he, turning round to me, “make our abode with you for a few days and after seeing the library of your neighbour I will throw down the gauntlet to Philemon, challenging him to answer certain questions which you may put to us, respecting the number, rarity, beauty or utility of those works which relate to the literature and antiquities of our own country. We shall then see who is able to return the readiest answer.”

“Forgive,” rejoined Philemon, “my bantering strain. I revoke my speech. You know that, with yourself, I heartily love books; more from their contents than their appearance.”

Lysander returned a gracious smile, and the hectic of irritability on his cheek was dissipated in an instant.

The approach of evening made us think of settling our plans. My friends begged their horses might be turned into the field, and that while they stayed with me the most simple fare and the plainest accommodation might be their

STROLL BEFORE SUPPER

lot. They knew how little able I was to treat them as they were wont to be treated, and therefore, taking “the will for the deed,” they resolved to be as happy as an humble roof could make them.

While the cloth was laying for supper — for I should add that we dine at three and sup at nine — we took a stroll in my small garden which has a mound at the bottom, shaded with lilacs and laburnums, that overlooks a pretty range of meadows, terminated by the village church. The moon had now gained a considerable ascendancy in the sky, and the silvery paleness and profound quiet of the surrounding landscape, which, but an hour ago, had been enlivened by the sun’s last rays, seemed to affect the minds of us all very sensibly. Lysander in particular began to express the sentiments which such a scene excited in him.

“Yonder,” says he, pointing to the church-yard, “is the bourne which terminates our earthly labours, and I marvel much how mortals can spend their time in cavilling at each other, in murdering with their pens as well as their swords all that is excellent and admirable in human nature, instead of curbing their passions, elevating their hopes and tranquillising

LITERARY JEALOUSY

their fears. Every evening for at least one-third of the year heaven has fixed in the sky yonder visible monitor to man. Calmness and splendour are her attendants, no dark passions, no carking cares, neither spleen nor jealousy, seem to dwell in that bright orb, where, as has been fondly imagined, ‘the wretched may have rest.’”

“And here,” replied Philemon, “we do nothing but fret and fume if our fancied merits are not instantly rewarded or if another wear a sprig of laurel more verdant than ourselves. I could mention within my own recollection a hundred instances of this degrading prostitution of talent—ay, a thousand.”

“Gently reprimand your fellow creatures,” resumed Lysander, “lest you commit an error as great as any of those which you condemn in others. The most difficult of human tasks seems to be the exercise of forbearance and temperance. By exasperating you only re-kindle and not extinguish the evil sparks in our dispositions. A man will bear being told he is in the wrong, but you must tell him so gently and mildly. Animosity, petulance and persecution are the plagues which destroy our better parts.”

“And envy,” replied Philemon, “has surely enough to do.”

FATAL LOVE OF PARADOX

“Yes,” said Lysander, “we might enumerate, as you were about to do, many instances and — what you were not about to do — pity while we enumerate! I think,” continued he, addressing himself particularly to me, “you informed me that the husband of poor Lavinia lies buried in yonder church-yard, and perhaps the very tomb which now glistens by the moon-beam is the one which consecrates his memory! That man was passionately addicted to literature, he had a strong mind, a wonderful grasp of intellect; but his love of paradox and hypothesis quite ruined his faculties. Nicas happened to discover some glaring errors in his last treatise and the poor man grew sick at heart in consequence. Nothing short of infallibility and invincibility satisfied him; and like the Spaniard in the ‘Diable Boiteux,’ who went mad because five of his countrymen had been beaten by fifty Portuguese, this unhappy creature lost all patience and forbearance, because, in a hundred systems which he had built with the cards of fancy, ninety-nine happened to tumble to the ground.

“This is the dangerous consequence, not so much of vanity and self-love as of downright literary Quixotism. A man may be cured of

MENANDER'S CASE

vanity as the French nobleman was—‘*Écoutez, messieurs ! Monseigneur le Duc va dire la meilleure chose du monde !*’ but for this raving, ungovernable passion of soaring beyond all human comprehension, I fear there is no cure but in such a place as the one which is now before us. Compared with this, how different was Menander’s case ! Careless himself about examining and quoting authorities with punctilious accuracy, and trusting too frequently to the *ipse-dixits* of good friends, with a quick discernment, a sparkling fancy, great store of classical knowledge and a never-ceasing play of colloquial wit, he moved right onwards in his manly course—the delight of the gay and the admiration of the learned ! He wrote much and variously, but in an evil hour the demon Malice caught him abroad, watched his deviations, noted down his failings, and discovering his vulnerable part he did not fail, like another Paris, to profit by the discovery. Menander became the victim of over-refined sensibility. He need not have feared the demon, as no good man need fear Satan. His pen ceased to convey his sentiments, he sickened at heart, and after his body had been covered by the green grass turf, the gentle elves of fairy-land took

SYCORAX, THE DEMON

care to weave a chaplet to hang upon his tomb, which was never to know decay! Sycorax was this demon, and a cunning and clever demon was he!"

"I am at a loss," said Philemon, "to comprehend exactly what you mean."

"I will cease speaking metaphorically," replied Lysander; "but Sycorax was a man of ability in his way. He taught literary men in some measure the value of careful research and faithful quotation; in other words he taught them to speak the truth as they found her, and doubtless for this he merits not the name of a demon unless you allow me the privilege of a Grecian.

"That Sycorax loved truth must be admitted, but that he loved no one so much as himself to speak the truth must also be admitted. Nor had he after all any grand notions of the goddess. She was in his sight rather of diminutive than gigantic growth, rather of a tame than a towering mien, dressed out in little trinkets and formally arrayed in the faded point-lace and elevated toupee of the ancient English school and not in the flowing and graceful robes of Grecian simplicity.

"But his malice and ill-nature were frightful,

SYCORAX, THE DEMON

and withal his love of scurrility and abuse quite intolerable. He mistook in too many instances the manner for the matter, the shadow for the substance. He passed his criticisms and dealt out his invectives with so little ceremony and so much venom that he seemed born with a scalping knife in his hand to commit murder as long as he lived! To him censure was sweeter than praise, and the more elevated the rank and respectable the character of his antagonist, the more dexterously he aimed his blows and the more frequently he renewed his attacks.

“In consequence scarcely one beautiful period, one passionate sentiment of the higher order, one elevated thought, or philosophical deduction marked his numerous writings. ‘No garden-flower grew wild’ in the narrow field of his imagination, and although the words decency and chastity were continually dropping from his lips, I suspect that the reverse of these qualities was always settled round his heart.

“Thus you see, my dear Philemon,” concluded Lysander, “that the love of paradox, of carelessness and of malice are equally destructive of that true substantial fame which, as con-

“WOOD-NOTES WILD”

nected with literature, a wise and an honest man would wish to establish. But come, the dews of evening begin to fall chilly, let us seek the house of our friend.”

As Lysander concluded his discourse, we turned abruptly, but thoughtfully, towards my cottage, and making the last circuit of the gravel walk, Philemon stopped to listen to the song of a passing rustic who seemed to be uttering all the joy which sometimes strongly seizes a simple heart.

“I would rather,” exclaimed he, “be this poor fellow chanting his ‘native wood-notes wild,’ if his heart know not guilt, than the shrewdest critic in the universe, who could neither feel nor write good-naturedly!”

We smiled at this ejaculation, and quickly reached the house.

The fatigue of travelling had sharpened the appetites of my friends, and at a moment when, as the inimitable Cowper expresses it in the fourth book of *The Task*:

Our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole, without stooping, towering crest and all,
Our pleasures too began;

THE SYMPOSIUM

but they were something more rational than those of merely eating and drinking.

“I seldom partake of this meal,” observed Philemon, “without thinking of the *omnium-gatherum* bowl, so exquisitely described by old Izaak Walton. We want, here, it is true, the ‘sweet shady arbour, the contexture of wood-bines, sweet-briar, jessamine and myrtle,’ and the time of the evening prevents our enjoying it without; but in lieu of all this we have the sight of books, of busts and of pictures. I see there the ponderous folio chronicles, the genuine quarto romances and, a little above, a glittering row of thin, closely squeezed, curiously gilt volumes of original plays. As we have finished our supper, let us—”

“My friends,” observed I, “not a finger upon a book to-night; to-morrow you may ransack at your pleasure. I wish to pursue the conversation commenced by Lysander as we were strolling in the garden.”

“Agreed,” replied Philemon, “the quietness of the hour, the prospect however limited before us—for I shall not fail to fix my eyes upon a Froissart printed by Verard, or a portrait painted by Holbein, while you talk—every thing conspires to render this discourse congenial.”

THE SYMPOSIUM

“As you have reminded me of that pretty description of a repast in Walton,” resumed Lysander, “I will preface the sequel to my conversation by drinking a glass to your healths; and so, masters, ‘here is a full glass to you,’ of the liquor before us.” Lysander then continued, “It were to be wished that the republic or region of Literature could be described in as favourable a manner as Camden has described the air, earth, and sky, of our own country:—

‘The ayre is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no stormes and tempests, as the more southerne and northerne are; but stored with infinite delicate fowle. For water, it is walled and guarded with y^e ocean most commodious for trafficke to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yeeld safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailers, that it may rightly be termed the Lady of the Sea. That I may say nothing of healthful bathes, and of meares stored both with fish and fowl. The earth fertile of all kinde of graine, manured with good husbandry, rich in minerall of coals, tinne, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattel, both tame and wilde—for it hath more parks than all Europe besides—plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, faire boroughs, good towns and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the prince, stately houses of the nobilitie, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches,

LETTERS NOT PARADISE

faire colledges, as well in the other places as in the two Vniversities.'

"But I fear Milton's terrific description of the infernal frozen continent,—

beat with perpetual forms
Of whirlwind and dire hail,

in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, is rather applicable to it. Having endeavoured to show, my dear friends, that the passionate love of hypothesis—or a determination to make every man think and believe as we do—incorrigible carelessness, and equally incorrigible ill-nature, are each inimical to the true interests of literature, let us see what other evil qualities there are which principally frustrate the legitimate view of learning.

"In the example of Gonzalo, with whom Philemon is perfectly well acquainted, a remarkable exemplification of the passion of vanity occurs. I recollect, one evening, he came rushing into a party where I sat, screaming with the ecstatic joy of a maniac: "Εὗρηκα, εὗρηκα!" and throwing down a scroll rushed as precipitately out of the room. The scroll was of vellum; the title to the contents of it was penned in golden letters, and softly painted bunches of roses graced each corner. It contained a sonnet

GONZALO

to love and another to friendship; but a principal mistake which struck us on the very threshold of our critical examination was that he had incorrectly entitled these sonnets. Friendship should have been called love, and love friendship. We had no sooner made the discovery than Gonzalo returned, expecting to find us in like ecstasies with himself! We gravely told him that we stumbled at the very threshold. It was quite sufficient, he seized his sonnets with avidity and crumpling the roll—after essaying to tear it—thrust it into his pocket and retreated. One of the gentlemen in company made the following remarks, on his leaving us:

“In the conduct of Gonzalo appears a strange mixture of intellectual strength and intellectual debility, of wit and dullness, of wisdom and folly; and all this arises chiefly from his mistaking the means for the end, the instrument of achieving for the object achieved. The fondest wish of his heart is literary fame: for this he would sacrifice every thing. He is handsome, generous, an affectionate son, a merry companion, and is withal a very excellent *belles-lettres* scholar. Tell him that the ladies admire him, that his mother dotes on

LITERARY PRAISE OR NONE

him, and that his friends esteem him, and keeping back the wished-for eulogy of literary excellence, you tell him of nothing which he cares for. In truth he might attain some portion of intellectual reputation, if he would throw aside his ridiculous habits. He must, as soon as the evening shades prevail, burn wax tapers; he must always have an Argand lamp lighted up before him to throw a picturesque effect upon a dark wood painted by Hobbima; his pens must be made from the crow's wing, his wax must be green; his paper must be thick and hot-pressed, and he must have a portfolio of the choicest bits of ancient vellum that can be procured; his body must recline upon a chintz sofa; his foot must be perched upon an ottoman; in short he must have every thing for which no man of common sense would express the least concern. Can you be surprised therefore that he should commence his sonnet to friendship thus: —

Oh, sweetest, softest thing that 's friendship hight!

or that he should conceive the following address to women, by one William Goddard, worthy of being ranked among the most beautiful poetical efforts of the sixteenth century: —

TALENTS MISAPPLIED

Stars of this earthly heaven, you whose essence
Composed was of man's purest quintessence,
To you, to virtuous you, I dedicate
This snaggy sprig—””

“Enough,” exclaimed Philemon — while Lysander paused a little, after uttering the foregoing in a rapid and glowing manner — “enough for this effeminate vanity in man! What other ills have you to enumerate, which assail the region of literature?”

“I will tell you,” replied Lysander, “another and a most lamentable evil which perverts the very end for which talents were given us — and it is in mistaking and misapplying these talents. I speak with reference to the individual himself and not to the public. You may remember how grievously Alfonso bore the lot which public criticism with one voice adjudged to him! This man had good natural parts and would have abridged a history, made an index or analysed a philosophical work with great credit to himself and advantage to the public. But he set his heart upon eclipsing Doctors Johnson and Jamieson. He happened to know a few etymons more correctly and to have some little acquaintance with black-letter literature, and hence thought to give more

SEVERITY AND SELF-CONSEQUENCE

weight to lexicographical inquiries than had hitherto distinguished them. But how miserably he was deceived in all his undertakings of this kind past events have sufficiently shown. No, my good Philemon, to be of use to the republic of literature, let us know our situations, and let us not fail to remember that in the best appointed army the serjeant may be of equal utility with the captain.

“I will notice only one other and a very great failing observable in literary men—and this is severity and self-consequence. You will find that these severe characters generally set up the trade of Critics, without attending to the just maxim of Pope, that

Ten censure wrong, for one that writes amiss.

“With them the least deviation from precise correctness—the most venial trippings, the smallest inattention paid to doubtful rules and equivocal positions of criticism—inflames their anger and calls forth their invectives. Regardless of the sage maxims of Cicero, Quintilian and Horace, they not only disdain the sober rules which their ancient brethren have wisely laid down, and hold in contempt the voice of the public, but forgetting the subject which

THE GREAT “OURSELF”

they have undertaken to criticise they push the author out of his seat, quietly sit in it themselves and fancy they entertain you by the gravity of their deportment, and their rash usurpation of the royal monosyllable *Nos.* This solemn pronoun, or rather ‘plural style,’ my dear Philemon, is oftentimes usurped by a half-starved little *I*, who sits immured in the dusty recess of a garret and who has never known the society nor the language of a gentleman; or it is assumed by a young graduate just settled in his chambers and flushed with the triumph of his degree of ‘B.A.,’ whose ‘fond conceyte’ — to borrow Master Francis Thynne’s terse style — ‘is to wrangle for an asses shadowe or to seke a knott in a rushe!’

“For my part,” continued Lysander, speaking with the most unaffected seriousness, “for my part, nothing delights me more than modesty and diffidence united with ‘strong good sense, lively imagination, and exquisite sensibility,’ whether in an author or a critic. When I call to mind that our greatest sages have concluded their labours with doubt and an avowal of their ignorance; when I see how carefully and reverently they have pushed forward their most successful inquiries; when I see the great New-

MODESTY DESIRED IN REVIEWERS

ton pausing and perplexed in the vast world of planets, comets and constellations which were in a measure of his own creation, I learn to soften the asperity of my critical anathemas and to allow to an author that portion of fallibility of which I am conscious myself."

"I see then," rejoined Philemon, "that you are an enemy to *Reviews*."¹

"Far from it," replied Lysander, "I think them of essential service to literature. They hold a lash over ignorance and vanity, and at any rate they take care to bestow a hearty castigation upon vicious and sensual publications. Thus far they do good; but in many respects they do ill, by substituting their own opinions for those of an author, by judging exclusively according to their own previously formed decisions in matters of religion and politics, and by shutting out from your view the plan and real tendency of the book which they have undertaken to review and therefore ought to analyse. It is to be sure amusing to read the clamours which have been raised against some of the most valuable and now generally received works! When an author recollects the pert conclusion of Dr. Kenrick's review of Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*² he need

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD

not fear the flippancy of a reviewer's wit, as decisive of the fate of his publication!

“It is certainly,” pursued Lysander, “a very prolific age of knowledge. There never was at any one period of the world so much general understanding abroad. The common receptacles of the lower orders of people present in some degree intellectual scenes; I mean that collision of logic and coruscation of wit which arise from the perusal of a newspaper, a production by-the-bye upon which Cowper (in the fourth book of *The Task*) has conferred immortality. You may remember, when we were driven by a sharp tempest of hail into the small public-house which stands at the corner of the heath, what a *logomachy*—what a war of words did we hear! and all about sending troops to the north or south of Spain and the justice or injustice of the newly raised prices of admission to Covent Garden theatre! The stage-coach, if you recollect, passed by quickly after our having drunk a tumbler of warm brandy and water to preserve ourselves from catching cold; and into it glad enough we were to tumble! We had no sooner begun to be tolerably comfortable and composed than a grave old gentleman commenced a most furious

GENTLEMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME

Philippic against the prevailing studies, politics and religion of the day; and in truth this man evinced a wonderfully retentive memory and a fair share of powers of argument, bringing every thing, however, to the standard of his own times. It was in vain we strove to edge in the great Whig and Tory reviews of the northern and southern hemispheres! The obdurate champion of other times would not listen a moment or stir one inch in favour of these latter publications. When he quitted us, we found that he was a man of considerable consequence in the neighbourhood, and had acquired his fortune from the superior sagacity and integrity he had displayed in consequence of having been educated at the free-school in the village of ——, one of the few public schools in this kingdom which has not frustrated the legitimate views of its pious founder, by converting that into a foppish and expensive establishment which was once designed as an asylum for the poor and an academy to teach wisdom and good morals."

Philemon was about to reply with his usual warmth and quickness to the latter part of these remarks—as bearing too severely upon the eminent public seminaries within seventy miles of

THE WORTHY TEACHER

the metropolis; but Lysander, guessing his intentions from his manner and attitude, cut the dialogue short by observing that we did not meet to discuss subjects of a personal and irritable nature, and which had already exercised the wits of two redoubted champions of the church, but that our object and the object of all rational and manly discussion was to state opinions with frankness, without intending to wound the feelings or call forth the animadversions of well-meaning and respectable characters.

“I know,” continued he, “that you, Philemon, have been bred in one of these establishments, under a man as venerable for his years as he is eminent for his talents and worth, who employs the leisure of dignified retirement in giving to the world the result of his careful and profound researches, who, drinking largely at the fountain head of classical learning, and hence feeling the renovated vigour of youth, —without having recourse to the black art of a Cornelius Agrippa,³—circumnavigates ‘the Erythrean sea,’ then, ascending the vessel of Nearchus, he coasts ‘from Indus to the Euphrates,’ and explores with an ardent eye what is curious and what is precious, and treasures

REST

in his sagacious mind what is most likely to gratify and improve his fellow-countrymen. A rare and eminent instance this of the judicious application of acquired knowledge! And how much more likely is it to produce good and to secure solid fame than to fritter away one's strength and undermine one's health in perpetual pugilistic contests with snarling critics, dull commentators and foul-mouthed philologists."

Philemon heartily assented to the truth of these remarks, and more than once interrupted Lysander in his panegyrical peroration by his cheerings; for he had, in his youth—as was before observed—been instructed by the distinguished character upon whom the eulogy had been pronounced.

The effort occasioned by the warmth in discussing such interesting subjects nearly exhausted Lysander; when it was judged prudent to retire to rest. Each had his chamber assigned to him; and while the chequered moon-beam played upon the curtains and the wall, through the half-opened shutter, the minds of Lysander and Philemon felt a correspondent tranquillity, and sweet were their slumbers till the morning shone full upon them.

THE SUPPLEMENT

THE scenery and the dialogue of this Part are more especially *Waltonian*. The characters are few; but Lysander must of necessity be the author, as he is the principal actor in the scene, and throughout the entire work the principal intelligence is derived from his lips. The scene itself is not absolutely ideal. At the little village of —, upon the upper ground near Marlow and necessarily commanding a sweep of the Thames in one of its most richly wooded windings, there lived a Mr. Jacobs, the friend of the adjoining rector, whose table was as bounteous as his heart was hospitable, and whose frequent custom it was in summer months to elicit sweet discourse from his guests, as they sauntered after an early supper to inhale the fragrance of “dewy eve” and to witness the ascendancy of the moon in a cool and cloudless sky.

I have partaken more than once of these “Tusculan” discussions, and have heard sounds and witnessed happiness such as is not likely to

SUPPLEMENT

be my lot again. Philemon is at rest in his grave, as well as Menander and Sycorax. The two latter it is well known were Tom Warton and Joseph Ritson.

“The husband of poor Lavinia” was a most amiable gentleman, but timid to a morbid excess. Without strong powers of intellect he was tenacious of every thing which he advanced and yet the farthest possible from dogmatic rudeness. There are cankers that eat into the heart as well as the cheek, and because Mr. Shacklewell—the Nicas of my text—happened to discover a few unimportant errors in that husband’s last performance, the latter not only thought much and often about it, but seemed to take it seriously to heart and scarcely survived it a twelvemonth.

Gonzalo, mentioned at page 15, was a Mr. Jessop, an exceedingly lively, inoffensive but not over-wise gentleman, a coxcomb to excess in every thing, but not without vivacious parts which occasionally pleased, from the manner in which they were exhibited. Of handsome person and fluent speech he was generally acceptable to the fair sex, but he made no strong individual impression, as he was known to use the same current phrases and current compli-

SUPPLEMENT

ments to all. Just possible it was that his personal attractions and ready utterance were beginning to strike a root or two in some one female bosom, but it was impossible for these roots to penetrate deeply and take an exclusive hold. I believe Mr. Jessop quitted the neighbourhood of Marlow shortly after the publication of the *Bibliomania*, to return thither no more. Alfonso was a Mr. Morell, a name well known in Oxfordshire. He was always in the same false position, from the beginning to the end, but I am not sure whether this be not better than a perpetually shifting false position. Disguise it as you may, an obstinate man is preferable to a *trimmer*, be he a common man or an uncommon man, a layman or a clergyman, “in crape” or “in lawn.”

The compliment paid by Lysander to Dr. Vincent, late Dean of Westminster and head master of Westminster School, was acknowledged by that venerable and most worthy as well as erudite character in a letter to me, which I deemed it but an act of justice to its author to publish in the *Bibliographical Cameron*.

Poor Mr. Barker (Edmund Henry), who is handsomely mentioned in the dean’s letter,

SUPPLEMENT

has very lately taken his departure from us, for that quiet which he could not find upon earth. “Take him for all in all,” he was a very extraordinary man — irritable to excess, but ardent and ambitious in his literary career. His industry when as in former days it was at its height would have killed half the scholars of the time. How he attained his fiftieth year may be deemed miraculous, considering upon what a tempestuous sea his vessel of life seemed to be embarked. Latterly he took to politics, when — “farewell the tranquil mind!”

PART II

THE CABINET

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY

*Condemn the daies of elders great or small,
And then blurre out the course of present tyme :
Cast one age down and so doe oretbrow all,
And burne the bookeſ of printed prose or ryme ;
Who ſhall beleeve he rules or ſhe doth reign,
In tyme to come, if writers looſe their paine ?
The pen records tyme past and present both ;
Skill brings foorth bookeſ and bookeſ is nurſe to troth.*

CHURCHYARD's Worthiness of Wales.

THE CABINET

OUTLINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY

Tout autour oiseaulx voletoient
Et si tres-doulcement chantoient,
Qu'il n'est cuer qui n'ent fust ioyeulx.
Et en chantant en l'air montoient
Et puis l'un l'autre surmontoient
A l'estriuee a qui mieulx mieulx.

Le temps n'estoit mie mieulx.
De bleu estoient vestuz les cieux,
Et le beau Soleil cler luisoit.
Violettes croissoient par lieux
Et tout faisoit ses deuoirs tieux
Comme nature le duisoit.

CHARTIER, Paris, 1617.

SUCH is the lively description of a spring morning in the opening of Alain Chartier's *Livre des quatre dames*, and excepting the violets such description conveyed a pretty accurate idea of the scenery which presented itself from the cabinet window to the eyes of Lysander and Philemon.

PHILEMON. How delightful, my dear friend, are the objects which we have before our eyes, within and without doors! The freshness of

UTILITY OF BIBLIOGRAPHY

the morning air, of which we have just been partaking in yonder field, was hardly more reviving to my senses than is the sight of this exquisite cabinet of bibliographical works, adorned with small busts and whole-length figures from the antique! You see these precious books are bound chiefly in Morocco or Russia leather; and the greater part of them appear to be printed upon large paper.

LYSANDER. Our friend makes these books a sort of hobby-horse, and perhaps indulges his vanity in them to excess. They are undoubtedly useful in their way.

PHILEMON. You are averse then to the study of bibliography?

LYSANDER. By no means. I have already told you of my passion for books and cannot therefore dislike bibliography. I think with Lambinet that the greater part of bibliographical works are sufficiently dry and soporific; but I am not insensible to the utility and even entertainment which may result from a proper cultivation of it—although both De Bure and Peignot appear to me to have gone greatly beyond the mark in lauding this study as “one of the most attractive and vast pursuits in which the human mind can be engaged.”

TRUTH ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL

PHILEMON. But to know what books are valuable and what are worthless, their intrinsic and extrinsic merits, their rarity, beauty and particularities of various kinds, and the estimation in which they are consequently held by knowing men—these things add a zest to the gratification we feel in even looking upon and handling certain volumes.

LYSANDER. It is true, my good Philemon, because knowledge upon any subject however trivial is more gratifying than total ignorance; and even if we could cut and string cherry-stones, like Cowper's rustic boy, it would be better than brushing them aside without knowing that they could be converted to such a purpose. Hence I am always pleased with Le Long's reply to the caustic question of Father Malebranche, when the latter asked him, “ how he could be so foolish as to take such pains about settling the date of a book or making himself master of trivial points of philosophy ! ”

“ Truth is so delightful,” replied Le Long, “ even in the most trivial matters, that we must neglect nothing to discover her.”

This reply to a man who was writing or had written an essay upon truth was admirable. Monsieur A. G. Camus, a good scholar and

IMPATIENT FOR KNOWLEDGE

an elegant bibliographer—of whom you will see some account in *Les Siècles Littéraires de la France*—has, I think, placed the study of bibliography in a just point of view, and to his observations, in the first volume of the *Mémoires de l'Institut National*, I must refer you.

PHILEMON. I may want time and probably inclination to read these observations, and at any rate I should be better pleased with your analysis of them.

LYSANDER. That would lead me into a wide field indeed; and besides our friend—who I see walking hastily up the garden—is impatient for his breakfast. 'T is better therefore that we satisfy just now an appetite of a different kind.

PHILEMON. But you promise to renew the subject afterwards?

LYSANDER. I will make no such promise. If our facetious friend Lisardo, who is expected shortly to join us, should happen to direct our attention and the discourse to the sale of Malvolio's busts and statues, what favourable opportunity do you suppose could present itself for handling so unpromising a subject as bibliography?

PHILEMON. Well, well, let us hope he will not come, or if he does let us take care to carry

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

the point by a majority of votes. I hear the gate-bell ring: 'tis Lisardo surely!

Three minutes afterwards Lisardo and myself, who met in the passage from opposite doors, entered the Cabinet. Mutual greetings succeeded; and after a hearty breakfast the conversation was more systematically renewed.

LISARDO. I am quite anxious to give you a description of the fine things which were sold at Malvolio's mansion yesterday. Amongst colossal Minervas and pigmy fauns and satyrs a magnificent set of books in ten or twelve folio volumes—I forget the precise number—in Morocco binding was to be disposed of.

LYSANDER. The Clementine and Florentine museums?

LISARDO. No indeed, a much less interesting work. A catalogue of the manuscripts and printed books in the library of the French king Louis XV. It was odd enough to see such a work in such a sale!

PHILEMON. You did not probably bid ten guineas for it, Lisardo?

LISARDO. Not ten shillings. What should I do with such books? You know I have a mortal aversion to them and to every thing connected with bibliographical learning.

WANTON INCENDIARISM

PHILEMON. That arises I presume from your profound knowledge of the subject, and hence finding it, as Solomon found most pursuits, “vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit.”

LISARDO. Not so, truly! I have taken an aversion to it from mere whim and fancy, or rather from downright ignorance.

PHILEMON. But I suppose you would not object to be set right upon any subject of which you are ignorant or misinformed? You don’t mean to sport hereditary aversions or hereditary attachments?

LISARDO. Why, perhaps something of the kind. My father, who was the best creature upon earth, happened to come into the possession of a huge heap of catalogues of private collections as well as of booksellers’ books, and I remember, on a certain fifth of November when my little hands could scarcely grasp the lamplighter’s link, that he bade me set fire to them and shout forth: “Long live the King!” Ever since I have held them in sovereign contempt.

PHILEMON. I love the king too well to suppose that his life could have been lengthened by any such barbarous act. You were absolutely a little Chi Ho-am-ti or Omar!⁴ Per-

OPEN TO CONVICTION

haps you were not aware that his majesty is in possession of many valuable books which are described with great care and accuracy in some of these very catalogues.

LISARDO. The act, upon reflection, was no doubt sufficiently foolish. But why so warm upon the subject?

LYSANDER. Let me defend Philemon or at least account for his zeal. Just before you came in he was leading me to give him some account of the rise and progress of bibliography, and was fearful that from your noted aversion to the subject you would soon cut asunder the thread of our conversation.

LISARDO. If you can convert me to be an admirer of such a subject or even to endure it you will work wonders; and unless you promise to do so I know not whether I shall suffer you to begin.

PHILEMON. Begin, my dear Lysander. A mind disposed to listen attentively is sometimes half converted. Oh, how I shall rejoice to see this bibliographical incendiary going about to buy up copies of the very works which he has destroyed! Listen, I entreat you, Lisardo.

LISARDO. I am all attention, for I see the

DE BURY'S "PHILOBIBLION"

clouds gathering in the south, and a gloomy if not a showery mid-day promises to darken this beauteous morning. It will not be possible to attend the antiques at Malvolio's sale.

LYSANDER. Whether the sun shine or the showers fall I will make an attempt not to convert, but to state simple truths, provided you "lend me your ears."

PHILEMON. And our hearts too. Begin! for the birds drop their notes and the outlines of the distant landscape are already dimmed by the drizzling rain.

LYSANDER. You call upon me as formally as the shepherds call upon one another to sing in Virgil's Eclogues. But I will do my best.

It is gratifying to the English nation—whatever may have been the strictures of foreigners⁵ upon the paucity of their bibliographico-literary works in the sixteenth century—that the earliest printed volume upon the love and advantages of book-collecting was the *Philobiblion*⁶ of Richard de Bury, who was bishop of Durham at the close of the fourteenth century, and tutor to Edward III. I will at present say nothing about the merits and demerits of this short treatise; only I may be permitted to observe with satisfaction that the head of the same see

GESNER'S "BIBLIOTHECA"

at the present day has given many proofs of his attachment to those studies and of his reward of such merit as attracted the notice of his illustrious predecessor. It is with pain that I am compelled to avow the paucity of publications in our own country of a nature similar to the *Philobiblion* of De Bury, even for two centuries after it was composed; but while Leland was making his library-tour under the auspices of that capricious tyrant Henry VIII., many works were planned abroad which greatly facilitated the researches of the learned.

Among the men who first helped to clear away the rubbish that impeded the progress of the student was the learned and modest Conrad Gesner, at once a scholar, a philosopher and a bibliographer, and upon whom Julius Scaliger, Theodore Beza and De Thou, have pronounced noble eulogiums. His *Bibliotheca Universalis* (Zurich, 1545) was the first thing since the discovery of the art of printing which enabled the curious to become acquainted with the works of preceding authors, thus kindling by the light of such a lamp the fire of emulation among his contemporaries and successors. I do not pretend to say that the *Bibliotheca* of Gesner is any thing like perfect, even as far as it

BALE'S "BRITANNIÆ SCRIPTORES"

goes; but, considering that the author had to work with his own materials alone and that the degree of fame and profit attached to such a publication was purely speculative, he undoubtedly merits the thanks of posterity for having completed it even in the manner in which it has come down to us. Consider Gesner as the father of bibliography, and if at the sale of Malvolio's busts there be one of this great man, purchase it, good Lisardo, and place it over the portico of your library.

LISARDO. All this is very well. Proceed with the patriarchal age of your beloved bibliography.

LYSANDER. I was about resuming, with observing that our Bale speedily imitated the example of Gesner, in putting forth his *Britanniae Scriptores*; the materials of the greater part of which were supplied by Leland.

The first edition of this work, under the title of *Illustrium maioris Britanniæ Scriptorum, hoc est, Angliæ, Cambriæ, ac Scotiæ summarium, in quasnam centurias divisum, &c.*, was printed at Ipswich, in 1548, 4to, containing three supposed portraits of Bale and a spurious one of Wiccliffe. The above work was again published at Basil, by Opornius, in 1559, fol., greatly enlarged and corrected, with a magnificent half-length portrait of Bale, from which the one in a subsequent part of this work was either copied on

TREFLER — NEANDER

a reduced scale or of which it was the prototype. His majesty has perhaps the finest copy of this last edition of Bale's *Britanniae Scriptores* in existence.

This work is undoubtedly necessary to every Englishman, but its errors are manifold.

Let me now introduce to your notice the little work of Florian Trefler [*Methodus ordinandi Bibliothecam*], published in 1560; also the first thing in its kind and intimately connected with our present subject. The learned, it is true, were not much pleased with it; but it afforded a rough outline upon which Naudæus afterwards worked, and produced, as you will find, a more pleasing and perfect picture.

A few years after this, appeared the *Erotemata Graecæ Linguae* [Basle, 1565] of Michael Neander, in the long and learned preface to which and in the catalogue of his and of Melancthon's works subjoined, some brilliant hints of a bibliographical nature were thrown out, quite sufficient to inflame the lover of book anecdotes with a desire of seeing a work perfected according to such a plan; but Neander was unwilling or unable to put his design into execution.

Bibliography, however, now began to make rather a rapid progress, and in France the an-

“BIBLIOTHÈQUE FRANÇOISE”

cient writers of history and poetry seemed to live again in the *Bibliothèque Françoise* of La Croix du Maine and Du Verdier.

La Croix Du Maine's book appeared toward the end of the year 1584; and that of his coadjutor, Anthony Verdier, in the beginning of the subsequent year. They are both in folio and are usually bound in one volume. Of these works the first is the rarest and best executed; but the very excellent edition of both of them by De la Monnoye and Juvigny, in six volumes, 4to, 1772, which has realised the patriotic wishes of Baillet, leaves nothing to be desired in the old editions—and these are accordingly dropping fast into annihilation. It would appear from an advertisement of De Bure, subjoined to his catalogue of Count Macarthy's books, 1779, 8vo, that there were then remaining only eleven copies of this new edition upon large paper, which were sold for one hundred and twenty livres. Claude Verdier, son of Antony, who published a supplement to Gesner's *Bibliotheca*, and a *Censio auctorum omnium veterum et recentiorum*, affected to censure his father's work, and declared that nothing but parental respect could have induced him to consent to its publication. “Misere,” exclaims Morhof, “ille corvos deludit hiantes: nam ubi censuram suam exercet, manifestam hominis phrenesin facile deprehendas!” A copy of the ancient edition was sold at West's sale for 2*l.* 15*s.*

Nor were the contemporaneous similar efforts of Cardona⁷ to be despised—a man indeed skilled in various erudition and distinguished for

“BIBLIOTHECA VATICANA”—VULGATE

his unabating perseverance in examining all the MSS. and printed books that came in his way. The manner, slight as it was, in which Cardona mentioned the Vatican Library, aroused the patriotic ardour of Panza, who published his *Bibliotheca Vaticana* in the Italian language in the year 1590; and in the subsequent year appeared the rival production of Angelus Roccha, written in Latin under the same title.

Mutius Panza's work, under the title of *Ragionamenti della Libraria Vaticana*, Rome, 1590, 4to, and Angelus Roccha's, that of *Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana*, Rome, 1591, 4to, relate rather to the ornaments of architecture and painting than to a useful and critical analysis or a numbered catalogue of the books within the Vatican Library. The authors of both are accused by Morhof of introducing quite extraneous and uninteresting matter. Roccha's book, however, is worth possessing as it is frequently quoted by bibliographers. It has a plate of the Vatican Library and another of St. Peter's Cathedral.

The magnificent establishment of the Vatican press, under the auspices of Pope Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. and under the typographical direction of the grandson of Aldus, called forth these publications, which might, however, have been executed with more splendour and credit.

One of the grandest works which ever issued from the Vatican press, under the superintendence of

LIPSIUS—SCHOTTUS

Aldus, was the vulgate Bible of Pope Sixtus V., 1590, fol., the copies of which, upon large paper, are sufficiently well known and coveted. A very pleasing and satisfactory account of this publication will be found in the *Horæ Biblicæ* of Charles Butler, a gentleman who has long and justly maintained the rare character of a profound lawyer, an elegant scholar, and a well-versed antiquary and philologist.

Let us here not forget that the celebrated Lipsius condescended to direct his talents to the subject of libraries [in his *Syntagma de Bibliothecis*, published at Antwerp in 1603, quarto], and his very name, as Baillet justly remarks, “is sufficient to secure respect for his work,” however slender it may be.

We now approach, with the mention of Lipsius, the opening of the seventeenth century, a period singularly fertile in bibliographical productions. I will not pretend to describe minutely even the leading authors in this department. The works of Puteanus can be only slightly alluded to, in order to notice the more copious and valuable ones of Possevinus and of Schottus;⁸ men who were ornaments to their country and whose literary and bibliographical publications have secured to them the gratitude of posterity.

While the labours of these authors were en-

LAZY SCHOLARS

riching the republic of literature and kindling all around a love of valuable and curious books, the *Bibliotheca Historica* of Bolduanus and the *Bibliotheca Classica* of Draudius⁹ highly gratified the generality of readers and enabled the students to select with greater care and safety such editions of authors as were deserving of a place in their libraries.

The name of Du Chesne can never be pronounced by a sensible Frenchman without emotions of gratitude. His *Bibliotheca Historiarum Galliæ*, first published in the year 1627, 8vo, although more immediately useful to foreigners than to ourselves, is nevertheless worth mentioning. Morhof, if I recollect aright, supposes there was a still later edition, but he probably confused with this work the *Series Auctorum, &c. de Francorum Historia*, of which two handsome folio editions were published by Cramoisy. French writers of bibliographical eminence now begin to crowd fast upon us.

LISARDO. But what becomes of the English, Spanish and Italian bibliographers all this while?

LYSANDER. The reproach of Morhof is I fear too just—namely that although we had produced some of the most learned, ingenious

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL

and able men in Europe—lovers and patrons of literature—yet our librarians or university scholars were too lazy to acquaint the world with the treasures which were contained in the several libraries around them.

“It is a pity,” says Morhof, “that the *Dutch* had such little curiosity about the literary history of their country—but the *English* were yet more negligent and incurious.”—And yet Germany, France and Italy had already abounded with treasures of this kind!

You cannot expect a field-marshall or a statesman in office or a nobleman or a rich man of extensive connections, immersed in occupations both pressing and unavoidable, doggedly to sit down to a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his books or to an analysis of the different branches of literature, while his presence is demanded in the field, in the cabinet or in the senate,—or while all his bells at home from the massive outer gate to the retired boudoir are torn to pieces with ringing and jingling at the annunciation of visitors—you cannot, I say, my good Lisardo, call upon a person thus occupied to produce or expect from him in a situation thus harassed the production of any solid bibliographical publication; but you have surely a right to expect that librarians or scholars who

LAUDABLE EMULATION

spend the greater part of their time in public libraries will vouchsafe to apply their talents in a way which may be an honour to their patrons and of service to their country.¹⁰ Not to walk with folded arms from one extremity of a long room—of 120 feet—to another, and stop at every window to gaze on an industrious gardener, or watch the slow progress of a melancholy crow “making wing to the rooky wood,” nor yet in winter to sit or stand inflexibly before the fire, with a duodecimo jest-book or novel in their hands; but to look around and catch, from the sight of so much wisdom and so much worth, a portion of that laudable emulation with which the Gesners, the Baillets and the Le Longs were inspired, to hold intimate acquaintance with the illustrious dead, to speak to them without the fear of contradiction, to exclaim over their beauties without the dread of ridicule or of censure, to thank them for what they have done in transporting us to other times and introducing us to other worlds, and constantly to feel a deep and unchangeable conviction of the necessity of doing all the good in our power and in our way for the benefit of those who are to survive us!

PHILEMON. Hear him, hear him!

NAUDAEUS — CLÉMENT

LISARDO. But what is become in the while of the English, Italian and Spanish bibliographers in the seventeenth century?

LYSANDER. I beg pardon for the digression, but the less we say of these during this period the better; and yet you must permit me to recommend to you the work of Pitseus, our countryman, which grows scarcer every day.¹¹

We left off, I think, with the mention of Du Chesne's works. Just about this time came forth the elegant little work of Naudaeus;¹² which I advise you both to purchase, as it will cost you but a few shillings, and of the aspect of which you may inform yourselves by taking it down from yonder shelf. Quickly afterwards Claude Clément, *haud passibus aequis*, put forth his *Bibliothecae tam privatae quam publicae extuctio*, &c.; a work condemned by the best bibliographical judges.

This work, in four books, was published at Lyons, 1635, 4to. If it be not quite "much ado about nothing," it exhibits, at least, a great waste of ink and paper. Morhof seems to seize with avidity Baillet's lively sentence of condemnation: "Il y a trop de babil et trop de ce que nous appelons *fatras*."

But the splendour of almost every preceding bibliographer's reputation was eclipsed by that

CHAFF FOR WHEAT

arising from the extensive and excellent publications of Louis Jacob,¹³ a name at which, if we except those of Fabricius and Muratori, diligence itself stands amazed, and concerning whose life and labours it is to be regretted that we have not more extended details.

The harsh and caustic manner in which Labbe and Morhof have treated the works of Gaddius induces me only to mention his name and to warn you against looking for much corn in a barn choked with chaff.

In 1648-49, he published a work entitled *De scriptoribus non-ecclesiasticis*, in which his opinions upon authors are given in the most jejune and rash manner. His other works, which would form a little library, are reviewed by Leti with sufficient severity; but the poor man was crack-brained! And yet some curious and uncommon things gleaned from MSS. which had probably never been unrolled or opened since their execution are to be found in this *Sciolum Florentinum*, as Labbe calls him.

We now approach the close of the seventeenth century, when, stopping for a few minutes only to pay our respects to Cinelli, Conringius, and Lomeier,¹⁴ we must advance to do homage to the more illustrious names of Labbe, Lambecius and Baillet, not forgetting, however, the equally respectable ones of Antonio and Lipenius.

LABBE'S "BIBLIOTHECA"

LISARDO. Pray discuss their works or merits *seriatim* as the judges call it, for I feel overwhelmed at the stringing together of such tri-syllabic names. These gentlemen, as well as almost every one of their predecessors, are strangers to me, and you know my bashfulness and confusion in such sort of company.

LYSANDER. I hope to make you better acquainted with them after a slight introduction and so rid you of such an uncomfortable diffidence. Let us begin with Labbe, who died in the year 1667 and in the sixtieth of his own age, a man of wonderful memory and of as wonderful application, whose whole life according to his biographers was consumed in gathering flowers from his predecessors and thence weaving such a chaplet for his own brows as was never to know decay. His *Nova Bibliotheca* and *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum Manuscriptorum* are the principal works which endear his memory to bibliographers.

"Vir, qui in texendis catalogis totam pene vitam consumpsit. . . . Homo ad Lexica et Catalogos conficiendos a naturâ factus." Such is Morhof's account of Labbe, who in the works above mentioned in the text has obtained an unperishable reputation as a bibliographer. The *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*, a thick duodecimo or crown octavo, has run through several

LAMBECIUS

impressions, of which the Leipsic edition of 1682 is as good as any; but Teisser in his work under the same title, 1686, 4to, has greatly excelled Labbe's production as well by his corrections of errata as by his additions of some hundreds of authors. The *Bibliotheca Nummaria* is another of Labbe's well-known performances, in the first part of which he gives an account of those who have written concerning medals; in the second part, of those who have published separate accounts of coins, weights and measures. This is usually appended to the preceding work, and is so published by Teisser. The *Mantissa Suppellectilis* was an unfinished production; and the *Specimen novæ Bibliothecæ Manuscriptorum Librorum*, Paris, 1653, 4to, is too imperfectly executed for the exercise of rigid criticism; although Baillet calls it "useful and curious." A list of Labbe's works, finished, unfinished, and projected was published at Paris, in 1656 and 1662. He was joint editor with Cossart of that tremendously voluminous work—the *Collectio Maxima Conciliorum*—1672, eighteen volumes, folio.

More learned than Labbe was Lambecius, whose *Commentarii de Bibliotheca Caesareâ-Vindobonensi*, with Nesselius's supplement to the same [1696, 2 vols. fol.] and Kollarus's new edition of both, form one of the most curious and important as well as elaborate productions in the annals of literature and bibliography.

Lambecius died at one may almost say the premature age of fifty-two; and the above work in eight folio volumes, which was left unfinished in consequence,

BIBLIOTHECA ACROAMATICA

— being published between the years 1665–79 inclusive gives us a magnificent idea of what its author would have accomplished had it pleased Providence to prolong so valuable an existence. It was originally sold for twenty-four *imperiales*, but at the commencement of the eighteenth century for not less than eighty *thalers*, and a copy of it was scarcely ever to be met with. Two reasons have been assigned for its great rarity, and especially for that of the 8th volume: the one, that Lambecius's heir, impatient at the slow sale of the work, sold many copies of it to the keepers of herb-stalls; the other, that when the author was lying on his death-bed his servant maid at the suggestion and from the stinginess of the same heir burnt many copies of this eighth volume (which had recently left the press) to light the fire in the chamber.

Reimannus published a *Bibliotheca Acroamatica*, Hanov., 1712, 8vo, which is both an entertaining volume and a useful compendium of Lambecius's immense work. But in the years 1766–82, Kollarus published a new and improved edition of the entire commentaries in six folio volumes, embodying in this gigantic undertaking the remarks which were scattered in his *Analecta Monumentorum omnis aevi Vindobonensis*, in two folio volumes, 1761. A posthumous work of Kollarus as a supplement to his new edition of Lambecius's Commentaries was published in one folio volume, 1790. Critics have accused these "Commentaries concerning the MSS. in the imperial library at Vienna" as containing a great deal of rambling and desultory matter, but the vast erudition, minute research and unabatable diligence of its author will for ever secure to him the voice of public praise as loud and as hearty as he has received it from his abridger Reimannus. In these volumes appeared the first

BIBLIOTHECA HISPANA

account of the Psalter printed at Mentz in 1457, which was mistaken by Lambecius for a MS.

Less extensive, but more select, valuable and accurate in its choice and execution of objects is the *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus et Nova* of Nicholas Antonio; the first and the best bibliographical work which Spain notwithstanding her fine palaces and libraries has ever produced. If neither Philemon nor yourself, Lisardo, possess this latter work—and I do not see it upon the shelves of this cabinet—seek for it with avidity, and do not fear the pistoles which the purchase of it may cost you.

Morhof considers the labours of Antonio as models of composition in their way. His grand work began to be published in 1672, 2 vols., folio, being the *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*: this was succeeded, in 1696, by the *Bibliotheca Hispana Antiqua* in two folio volumes. The prefaces and indexes contain every thing to satisfy the hearts of Spanish literati. A new edition of the first work was published at Madrid, in 1783, 2 vols., folio, and of the latter work, in 1788, 2 vols., folio. These recent editions are very rarely to be met with in our own country; abroad they seem to have materially lowered the prices of the ancient ones, which had become excessively scarce.

Let us here not forget the learned Michael Casiiri's *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escorialensis*, published in two superb folio volumes at Madrid in 1760. All these useful and splendid works place the Span-

CASIRI — BAILLET

iards upon a high footing with their fellow-labourers in the same respectable career. De la Serna Santander tells us that Casiri's work is dear, and highly respected by the literati.

Lipenius¹⁵ now claims a moment's notice; of whose *Bibliotheca Realis* Morhof is inclined to speak more favourably than other critics. 'T is in six volumes and it appeared from the years 1679 to 1685 inclusive.

Not inferior to either of the preceding authors in taste, erudition and the number and importance of his works was Adrien Baillet; the simple pastor of Lardières, and latterly the learned and indefatigable librarian of Lamouignon. His *Jugements des Savants*, edited by De la Monnoye, is one of those works with which no man fond of typographical and bibliographical pursuits can comfortably dispense.

I had nearly forgotten to warn you against the capricious works of Beughem, a man, nevertheless, of wonderful mental elasticity, but for ever planning schemes too vast and too visionary for the human powers to execute.

It will not be necessary to notice all the multifarious productions, in MS. and in print, of this indefatigable bibliographer, who had cut out work enough for the lives of ten men, each succeeding the other, and well employed from morn till even, to execute. Beug-

BEUGHEM — BLOUNT — WOOD

hem's *Incunabula Typographica*, 1688, 12mo, is both jejune and grossly erroneous. The *Bibliographia Eruditorum Critico-Curiosa*, 1689, 1701, 4 vols., 12mo, being an alphabetical account of writers, extracts from whom are in the public literary journals of Europe from 1665 to 1700, with the title of their works, is Beughem's best production, and if each volume had not had a separate alphabet, and contained additions upon additions, the work would have proved highly useful. His *Gallia Erudita*, Amst., 1683, 12mo, is miserably perplexing.

PHILEMON. You have at length reached the close of the seventeenth century; but my limited knowledge of bibliographical literature supplies me with the recollection of two names which you have passed over: I mean Thomas Blount and Anthony à Wood. There is surely something in these authors relating to editions of the works of the learned.

LYSANDER. You have anticipated me in the mention of these names. I had not forgotten them. With the former, I have no very intimate acquaintance; but of the latter I could talk in commendation till dinner time. Be sure, my good Lisardo, that you obtain *both* editions of the *Athenae Oxoniensis*.¹⁶

We have now reached the boundaries of the seventeenth century and are just entering upon the one which is past, and yet I have omitted

MORHOF

to mention the very admirable *Polyhistor. Literarius* of Morhof, a work by which I have been in a great measure guided in the opinions pronounced upon the bibliographers already introduced to you. This work, under a somewhat better form and with a few necessary omissions and additions, one could wish to see translated into our own language.

Daniel George Morhof, professor of poetry, eloquence and history, was librarian of the University of Kiel. He published various works, but the above—the best edition of which is of the date of 1747—is by far the most learned and useful: “liber non sua laude privandus; cum primus fere fuerit Morhofius qui hanc amoeniorum literarum partem in meliorem redigerit,” says Vogt, edit. 1793. Its leading error is the want of method. His *Princeps Medicus*, 1665, 4to, is a very singular dissertation upon the cure of the evil by the royal touch, in the efficacy of which the author appears to have believed. His *Epistola de scypho vitreo personum humanae vocis rupto*, Kiloni, 1703, 4to, which was occasioned by a wine merchant of Amsterdam breaking a wine-glass by the strength of his voice, is said to be full of curious matter. Morhof died A.D. 1691, in his fifty-third year, beloved by all who knew the excellent and amiable qualities of his head and heart. He was so laborious that he wrote during his meals. His motto chosen by himself—*Pietate, Candore, Prudentia*—should never be lost sight of by bibliomaniacs! His library was large and select.

MAITTAIRE — FABRICIUS

The name of Maittaire strikes us with admiration and respect at the very opening of the eighteenth century. His elaborate *Annales Typographici* have secured him the respect of posterity.¹⁷

Le Long, whose pursuits were chiefly biblical and historical, was his contemporary — an able, sedulous and learned bibliographer. His whole soul was in his library, and he never spared the most painful toil in order to accomplish the various objects of his inquiry.¹⁸

And here, my dear friends, let me pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of an eminently learned and laborious scholar and bibliographer: I mean John Albert Fabricius. His labours¹⁹ shed a lustre upon the scholastic annals of the eighteenth century, for he opened as it were the gates of literature to the inquiring student, inviting him to enter the field and contemplate the diversity and beauty of the several flowers which grew therein, telling him by whom they were planted and explaining how their growth and luxuriancy were to be regulated. There are few instructors to whom we owe so much, none to whom we are more indebted. Let his works therefore have a handsome binding, and a conspicuous place in

FABRICIUS — LEIBNITZ

your libraries; for happy is that man who has them at hand to facilitate his inquiries or to solve his doubts. While Fabricius was thus laudably exercising his great talents in the cause of ancient literature, the illustrious name of Leibnitz appeared as author of a work of essential utility to the historian and bibliographer. I allude to his *Scriptores Rerum Brunsvicensium*, Hanover, 1707, folio, which has received a well pointed compliment from the polished pen of Gibbon, who says: —

“The antiquarian who blushes at his alliance with Thomas Hearne will feel his profession ennobled by the name of Leibnitz. That extraordinary genius embraced and improved the whole circle of human science, and after wrestling with Newton and Clark in the sublime regions of geometry and metaphysics he could descend upon earth to examine the uncouth characters and barbarous Latin of a chronicle or charter.”

After the successful labours of Fabricius and Leibnitz we may notice those of Struvius, whose *Historical Library*²⁰ should be in every philological collection.

PHILEMON. You are advancing towards the middle of the eighteenth century in enumerating foreign publications, without calling to mind that we have at home many laudable

BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHERS

publications relating to typography and bibliography which merit at least some notice if not commendation.

LYSANDER. I thank you for the reproof. It is true I was running precipitately to introduce a crowd of foreigners to your notice, without paying my respects by the way to the *Historical Libraries* of Bishop Nicolson, the *Bibliotheca Literaria* of Wasse and the *Librarian* of William Oldys. Nor should I omit to mention the still more creditable performance of Bishop Tanner. While the typographical publications of Watson, Palmer and Middleton²¹ may as well be admitted into your libraries, if you are partial to such works, although upon this latter subject the elegant quarto volume of Ames merits particular commendation.

LISARDO. I am glad to hear such handsome things said of the performances of our own countrymen. I was fearful, from your frequently allusions, that we had nothing worth mentioning. But proceed with your Germans, Italians and Frenchmen.

LYSANDER. You draw too severe a conclusion. I have made no sly allusions. My invariable love of truth impels me to state facts as they arise. That we have philosophers,

LISARDO INFECTED

poets, scholars, divines, lovers and collectors of books equal to those of any nation upon earth is most readily admitted. But bibliography has never been till now a popular — shall I say fashionable? — pursuit amongst the English.

LISARDO. Well, if what you call bibliography has produced such eminent men and so many useful works as those which have been just enumerated, I shall begin to have some little respect for this department of literature, and indeed I already feel impatient to go through the list of your bibliographical heroes. Who is the next champion deserving of notice?

LYSANDER. This confession gives me sincere pleasure. Only indulge me in my rambling manner of disquisition and I will strive to satisfy you in every reasonable particular.

If ever you should be disposed to form a bibliographical collection, do not omit securing, when it comes across you, the best edition of Du Fresnoy's²² *Méthode pour étudier l' Histoire*. It is rare and sought after in this country. And now softly approach and gently strew the flowers upon the tomb of worthy Niceron.

It is quite delightful to read the account, in the *Dict. Hist.*, published at Caen, 1789, of Jean Pierre Niceron; whose whole life seems to have been de-

NICERON

voted to bibliography and literary history. Frank, amiable, industrious, communicative, shrewd and learned, Niceron was the delight of his friends and the admiration of the public. His *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Hommes Illustres, avec un Catalogue raisonné de leurs Ouvrages* was published from the years 1729 to 1740, in 40 crown 8vo volumes. A supplement of three volumes, the latter of which is divided into two parts, renders this very useful and absolutely necessary work complete in forty-four volumes. The bibliomaniac can never enjoy perfect rest till he is in possession of it!

Low lies the head and quiescent has become the pen of this most excellent and learned man, whose productions have furnished biographers with some of their choicest materials, and whose devotion to literature and history has been a general theme of admiration and praise!

The mention of this illustrious name in such a manner has excited in my mind a particular train of ideas. Let me therefore in imagination conduct you both to yonder dark avenue of trees, and descending a small flight of steps, near the bottom of which gushes out a salient stream, let us enter a spacious grotto, where every thing is cool and silent, and where small alabaster busts of the greater number of those bibliographers I am about to mention

GOUJET — CLÉMENT

decorate the niches on each side of it. How tranquil and how congenial is such a resting-place!

But let us pursue our inquiries. Yonder sharp and well-turned countenances at the entrance of the grotto are fixed there as representations of Cardinal Quirini²³ and Goujet, the *Bibliothèque Françoise* of the latter of whom — with which I could wish book-collectors in general to have a more intimate acquaintance — has obtained universal reputation.

La Bibliothèque Françoise, ou Histoire de la Littérature Françoise, of Claude Pierre Goujet, in eighteen volumes, crown 8vo, 1741, like the similar work of Niceron, is perhaps a little too indiscriminate in the choice of its objects — good, bad and indifferent authors being enlisted into the service. But it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Goujet, who was a man of wonderful parts; and no bibliographer can be satisfied without it. Goujet was perhaps among the most learned if not the “facile princeps” of those who cultivated ancient French literature. He liberally assisted Niceron in his *Mémoires*, and furnished Moreri with 2000 corrections for his Dictionary.

Next to him you may mark the amiable and expressive features of David Clément:²⁴ who, in his *Bibliothèque Curieuse*, has shown us how he could rove like a bee from flower to flower, sip what was sweet and bring home his

MARCHAND — MEERMAN

gleanings to a well-furnished hive. The principal fault of this bee—if I must keep up the simile—is that he was not sufficiently choice in the flowers which he visited, and of course did not always extract the purest honey.

Nearly allied to Clément in sprightliness, and an equally gossiping bibliographer, was Prosper Marchand,²⁵ whose works present us with some things nowhere else to be found, and who had examined many curious and rare volumes, as well as made himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of bibliography previous to his own times.

Perhaps I ought to have noticed the unoccupied niche under which the name of Vogt²⁶ is inscribed, the title of whose work has been erroneously considered more seductive than the contents of it. As we go on, we approach Fournier, a man of lively parts and considerable taste. His works are small in size, but they are written and printed with singular elegance.²⁷

See what a respectable and almost dignified air the highly finished bust of the pensionary Meerman²⁸ assumes! Few men attained to greater celebrity in his day, and few men better deserved the handsome things which were said of him. Polite, hospitable, of an inquisitive

DE BURE

and active turn of mind, passionately addicted to rare and curious books, his library was a sort of bibliographical emporium, where the idle and the diligent alike met with a gracious reception. Peace to the *manes* of such a man! Turn we now round to view the features of that truly eminent and amiable bibliographer, De Bure!

LISARDO. You absolutely transport me! I see all these interesting busts, I feel the delicious coolness of the grotto, I hear the stream running over a bed of pebbles, the zephyrs play upon my cheeks. O dolt that I was to abuse—

PHILEMON. Hear him, hear him!

LYSANDER. From my heart I pity and forgive you. But only look upon the bust of De Bure; and every time that you open his *Bibliographie Instructive*²⁹ confess with a joyful heart the obligations you are under to the author of it. Learn at the same time to despise the petty cavils of the whole Zoilean race, and blush for the Abbé Rive³⁰ that he could lend his name and give the weight of his example to the propagation of coarse and acrimonious censures.

Next to the bust of De Bure, consider those of the five Italian bibliographers and literati,

ITALIAN BIBLIOGRAPHERS

Haym, Fontanini, Zeno, Mazzuchelli, and Tiraboschi, which are placed in the five consecutive niches. Their works are of various merit, but are all superior to that of their predecessor Doni. Although those of the first three authors should find a place in every bibliographical collection, the productions of Mazzuchelli,³¹ and especially of the immortal Tiraboschi, cannot fail to be admitted into every judicious library, whether vast or confined. Italy boasts of few literary characters of a higher class, or of a more widely diffused reputation than Tiraboschi. His diligence, his sagacity, his candour, his constant and patriotic exertions to do justice to the reputation of his countrymen, and to rescue departed worth from ill-merited oblivion, assign to him an exalted situation, a situation with the Poggios and Politians of former times, in the everlasting temple of Fame! Bind his *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* in the choicest vellum, or in the stoutest Russia; for it merits no mean covering!

The range of busts which occupies the opposite niches represents characters of a more recent date. Let us begin with Mercier;³² a man of extraordinary and almost unequalled

MERCIER — AUDIFFREDI

knowledge in every thing connected with bibliography and typography; of a quick apprehension, tenacious memory, and correct judgment; who was more anxious to detect errors in his own publications than in those of his fellow labourers in the same pursuit; an enthusiast in typographical researches — the Ulysses of bibliographers! Next to him stand the interesting busts of Saxyus and Laire;³³ the latter of whom has frequently erred, but who merited not such a castigation as subsequent bibliographers have attempted to bestow upon him: in the number of which one is sorry to rank the very respectable name of Audiffredi³⁴ — whose bust, you observe, immediately follows that of Laire. Audiffredi has left behind him a most enviable reputation; that of having examined libraries with a curious eye and described with scrupulous fidelity the various books which he saw. There are no lively or interesting sallies, no highly wrought or tempting descriptions — throughout his two quarto volumes; but in lieu of this there is sober truth and sound judgment.

I have mentioned Audiffredi a little out of order, merely because his name is closely connected with that of Laire; but I should have

HEINECKEN — PANZER

first directed your attention to the sagacious countenance of Heinecken,³⁵ whose work upon ancient printing, and whose *Dictionary of Engravers* (although with the latter we have nothing just now to do) will never fail to be justly appreciated by the collector. I regret, Lisardo, for your own sake—as you are about to collect a few choice books upon typography—that you will have so much to pay for the former work, owing to its extreme rarity in this country, and to the injudicious frenzy of a certain class of buyers who are resolved to purchase it at almost any price.

Let me not forget to notice, with the encomiums which they deserve, the useful and carefully compiled works of Seemiller, Braun, Wurdtwein, De Murr, Rossi and Panzer, whose busts are arranged in progressive order. All these authors³⁶ are greatly eminent in the several departments which they occupy; especially Panzer, whose *Annales Typographici*, in regard to arrangement and fulness of information, leaves the similar work of his predecessor Maittaire far behind. It is unluckily printed upon wretched paper, but who rejects the pine-apple from the roughness of its coat? Get ready the wherry; man it with a choice

DENIS — HERBERT

bibliomaniacal crew, good Lisardo! and smuggle over in it, if you can, the precious works of these latter bibliographers; for you may saunter “from rise to set of sun,” from Whitechapel to Hyde-Park Corner, for them in vain!

What countenances are those which beam with so much quiet but interesting expression? They are the resemblances of Denis and Camus:³⁷ the former of whom is better known from his *Annalium Typographicorum Maittaire Supplementum*; and the latter very generally respected abroad, although our acquaintance with him in this country is exceedingly slight. If I mistake not, I observe the mild and modest countenance of my old acquaintance Herbert³⁸ in this bibliographical group of heads! Do not despise his toil because it is not sprinkled with gay conceits or learned digressions: he wrote to be useful, not to be entertaining; and as far as he went his work was such an improvement upon his predecessor’s plan as to place it quite at the head of national typography. See yonder the sensible countenance of Harwood!³⁹ the first writer in this country who taught us to consider the respective merits and demerits of the various editions of Greek and Latin authors.

HARWOOD—BRUNET

LISARDO. You are, no doubt, a fond and partial critic in regard to the works of Herbert and Harwood; but I am glad to recognise my fellow countrymen in such an illustrious assemblage. Go on.

LYSANDER. We are just at the close. But a few more busts, and those very recently executed, remain to be noticed. These are the resemblances of La Serna Santander, Cailleau, and Oberlin;⁴⁰ while several vacant niches remain to be filled up with the busts of more modern bibliographers of eminence: namely, of Van-Praet, Fischer, Lambinet, Rénouard, Peignot, Fournier, Barbier, Boucher and Brunet.⁴¹

LISARDO. I am quite anxious to possess the publications of these moderns; but you say nothing of their comparative value with the ancients.

LYSANDER. Generally speaking, in regard to discoveries of rare books and typographical curiosities, the moderns have the advantage. They have made more rational conclusions, from data which had escaped their predecessors; and the sparkling and animated manner in which they dress out the particular objects that they describe renders the perusal of their

MODERN *v.* ANCIENT BIBLIOGRAPHERS

works more pleasant and gratifying. I am not sure that they have the learning of the old school; but their works are in general less ponderous and repulsive. The ancient bibliographers were probably too anxious to describe every thing, however minute and unimportant: they thought it better to say too much than too little; and, finding the great mass of readers in former times uninstructed in these particular pursuits, they thought they could never exhaust a subject by bringing to bear upon it every point however remotely connected! They found the plain, it is true, parched and sandy; but they were not satisfied with pouring water upon it, till they had converted it into a deluge.

LISARDO. Let me ask you, at this stage of our inquiries, what you mean by bibliographical publications? and whether the works of those authors which you have enumerated are sufficient to enable a novice like myself to have pretty accurate notions about the rarity and intrinsic value of certain works?

LYSANDER. By bibliographical publications I mean such works as give us some knowledge of the literary productions, as well as of the life, of certain learned men, which state the

WHAT ARE BIBLIOGRAPHIES

various and the best editions of their lucubrations, and which stimulate us to get possession of these editions. Every biographical narrative which is enriched with the mention of curious and rare editions of certain works is to a great extent a bibliographical publication. Those works which treat professedly upon books are, of course, immediately within the pale of bibliography.

LISARDO. But am I to be satisfied with the possession of those works already recommended?

PHILEMON. I suppose Lisardo has heard of certain valuable catalogues, and he wishes to know how far the possession of these may be requisite in order to make him a bibliographer.

LYSANDER. At present I will say nothing about the catalogues of the collections of our own countrymen. As we have been travelling principally abroad, we may direct our attention to those which relate to foreign collections.

And first, let us pay a due tribute of praise to the published Catalogues of Libraries collected by the Jesuits; men of shrewd talents and unabating research, and in derogation of whose merits Voltaire and D'Alembert dis-

SHAMELESS DEPREDATIONS

graced themselves by scribbling the most contemptible lampoons. The downfall of this society led not very indirectly to the destruction of the ancient French monarchy. Men seemed to forget that while the most shameless depredations were committed within the libraries of the Jesuits, the cause of learning as well as of liberty suffered,—and the spoils which have glittered before our eyes, as the precious relics of these collections, serve to afford a melancholy proof how little those men stick at any thing who, in raising the war-whoop of liberty and equality, tear open the very bowels of order, tranquillity, peace and decorum!

But to the subject. Let the catalogues of public collections, when they are well arranged, be received into your library. Of foreign private collections, the catalogues of Du Fresne, Cordes, Heinsias, Baluze, Colbert, Rothelin, De Boze, Préfond, Pompadour, Gaignat, Gouttard, Bunau, Soubise, La Vallière, Crevenna, Lamoignon, and of several other collections, with which my memory does not just now serve me, will enable you to form a pretty correct estimate of the marketable value of certain rare and sumptuous publications. Ca-

VALUABLE CATALOGUES

talogues are to bibliographers what *Reports* are to lawyers, not to be read through from beginning to end, but to be consulted on doubtful points and in litigated cases. Nor must you after all place too strong a reliance upon the present prices of books from what they have produced at former sales; as nothing is more capricious and unsettled than the value of books at a public auction. But in regard to these catalogues, if you should be fortunate enough to possess any which are printed upon large paper, with the names of the purchasers, and the prices for which each set of books was sold, thrice and four times happy may you account yourself to be, my good Lisardo!

LISARDO. You have so thoroughly animated my feelings and excited my curiosity, in regard to bibliography, that I can no longer dissemble the eagerness which I feel to make myself master of the several books which you have recommended.

LYSANDER. Alas, your zeal will most egregiously deceive you! Where will you look for such books? At what bookseller's shop, or at what auction, are they to be procured? In this country, my friend, few are the private collections, however choice, which contain two third

LISARDO BADLY SMITTEN

parts of the excellent works before mentioned. Patience, vigilance and personal activity are your best friends in such a dilemma.

LISARDO. But I will no longer attend the sale of Malvolio's busts and statues and gaudy books. I will fly to the Strand, or King-street; peradventure—

PHILEMON. Gently, my good Lisardo. A breast thus suddenly changed from the cold of Nova Zembla to the warmth of the torrid zone requires to be ruled with discretion. And yet, luckily for you—

LISARDO. Speak— are you about to announce the sale of some bibliographical works?

PHILEMON. Even so. To-morrow, if I mistake not, Gonzalvo's choice gems, in this way, are to be disposed of.

LISARDO. Consider them as my own. Nothing shall stay me from the possession of them.

LYSANDER. You speak precipitately. Are you accustomed to attend book auctions?

LISARDO. No; but I will line my pockets with pistoles, and who dare oppose me?

PHILEMON. And do you imagine that no one but yourself has his pockets “lined with pistoles” on these occasions?

LISARDO A BIBLIOMANIA

LISARDO. It may be so—that other linings are much warmer than my own: but, at any rate, I will make a glorious struggle, and die with my sword in my hand.

PHILEMON. This is *Book-Madness* with a vengeance! However, we shall see the issue. When and how do you propose going?

LISARDO. A chaise shall be at this door by nine in the morning. Who will accompany me?

LYSANDER. Our friend and Philemon will prevent your becoming absolutely raving, by joining you. I shall be curious to know the result.

LISARDO. Never fear. Bibliomania is, of all species of insanity, the most rational and praiseworthy. I here solemnly renounce my former opinions and wish my errors to be forgotten. I here crave pardon of the disturbed *manes* of the Martins, De Bures, and Patersons, for that flagitious act of catalogue-burning; and fondly hope that the unsuspecting age of boyhood will atone for so rash a deed. Do you frankly forgive, and will you henceforth consider me as a worthy aspirant in the noble cause of bibliography?

LYSANDER. Most cordially do I forgive you;

PENITENT AND CONVERT

and freely admit you into the fraternity of Bibliomaniacs. Philemon, I trust, will be equally merciful.

PHILEMON. Assuredly, Lisardo, you have my entire forgiveness; and I exult a little in the hope that you will prove yourself to be a sincere convert to the cause, by losing no opportunity of enriching your bibliographical stores. Already I see you mounted, as a book chevalier, and hurrying from the country to London, from London again to the country, seeking adventures in which your prowess may be displayed, and yielding to no competitor who brandishes a lance of equal weight with your own!

LISARDO. 'T is well. At to-morrow's dawn my esquire shall begin to burnish up my armour and caparison my courser. Till then adieu!

Here the conversation in a connected form ceased; and it was resolved that Philemon and myself should accompany Lisardo on the morrow.

THE SUPPLEMENT

THIS portion of the *Bibliomania* contains a *Précis*, or review of the more popular works then extant upon Bibliography. It forms an immense mass of materials, which if expanded in the ordinary form of publication would alone make a volume. I have well-nigh forgotten the names of some of the more ancient heroes of bibliographical renown, but still seem to cling with a natural fondness to those of Gesner, Morhof, Maittaire, and Fabricius, while Labbe, Lambecius and Montfauçon, Le Long and Baillet even yet retain all their ancient respect and popularity. As no fresh characters are introduced in this second part of the *Bibliomania*, it may be permitted me to say a word or two upon the substance of the materials which it contains.

Among the catalogues I hope I may naturally, and justifiably, make mention of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, or “A descriptive Catalogue of the early printed Books of the late George John Earl Spencer, K. G.,” comprising in the

SUPPLEMENT

whole seven volumes, with the addition of the Cassano Library or books purchased of the Duke of Cassano by the noble earl when at Naples in the year 1819.

In the *Reminiscences of my Literary Life* I have given a sort of graphic description of this extensive work and of the circumstances attending its publication. That work now rests upon its own particular and, I will fearlessly add, solid basis. For accuracy, learning, splendour and almost interminable embellishment it may seem at once to command the attention and to challenge the commendation of the most fastidious; but it is a flower which blooms more kindly in a foreign than in its native soil. It has obtained for me the notice and the applause of learned *foreigners*, and when I travelled abroad I received but too substantial proofs that what was slighted here was appreciated in foreign parts. Our more popular reviews, which seem to thrive and fatten best upon lean fare, passed this magnificent work over in a sort of sly or sullen silence, and there is no record of its existence in those of our journals which affect to strike the key-note only of what is valuable in science, literature and the fine arts.

Painful as it must ever be to my feelings to

SUPPLEMENT

contrast the avidity of former purchasers to become possessed of it with the caprice and nonchalance which have marked the conduct of those possessors themselves, I will yet hope that in the bosom of the successor to this matchless library—as well as to the name and fortunes of its late owner—there will ever remain but one feeling such as no misconception and no casualty will serve to efface. It is pleasing, yea soothing, midst the buffeting surges of later life, to be able to keep the anchor of one's vessel *well bit* in the interstices of granite.

Much later than the publication last alluded to, were the sale catalogues of the libraries of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart., deceased, the Rev. Henry Drury, George Hibbert, Esq., deceased, and Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., deceased. They were all sold by Mr. Evans of Pall Mall, as well indeed as was the Library of the late Duke of Marlborough when Marquis of Blandford. What books! And what prices! It should seem that “there were giants,” both in purse and magnitude of metal, “in those days!” But a mighty “man in valour” has recently sprung up amongst us, who, spurning the acquisition of solitary lots, darts down upon a whole library and bears it

SUPPLEMENT

off "at one fell swoop." Long life to the spirit which possesses him! It is almost a national redemption.

PART III

THE AUCTION ROOM

CHARACTER OF ORLANDO
OF ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS AND BOOKBINDING
BOOK-AUCTION BIBLIOMANIACS

“As to the late method used in selling books by auction in London, I suppose that many have paid dear for their experience in this way, it being apparent that most books bought in an auction may be had cheaper in booksellers’ shops.”

CLAVEL : Catalogue of Books for 1680, Preface.

THE AUCTION ROOM

CHARACTER OF ORLANDO

OF ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS AND BOOKBINDING BOOK-AUCTION BIBLIOMANIACS

NEVER surely did two mortals set off upon any expedition with greater glee and alacrity than did Lisardo and Philemon for the sale, by auction, of Gonzalvo's bibliographical library. The great pains which Lysander had taken in enumerating the various foreign and domestic writers upon Bibliography, with his occasionally animated eulogies upon some favourite author had quite inflamed the sanguine mind of Lisardo ; who had already, in anticipation, fancied himself in possession of every book which he had heard described. Like Homer's high-bred courser, who

ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost,
our young bibliomaniac began to count up his volumes, arrange his shelves, bespeak his binder, and revel in the luxury of a splendid and nearly matchless collection.

COKE'S RECREATION

The distance from my house to the scene of action being thirteen miles, Lisardo, during the first six, had pretty nearly exhausted himself in describing the delightful pictures which his ardent fancy had formed ; and finding the conversation beginning to flag, Philemon, with his usual good-nature and judgment, promised to make a pleasing digression from the dry subject of book-catalogues, by an episode with which the reader shall be presently gratified. Having promised to assist them both, when we arrived at Messrs. L. and S., in the Strand, with some information relating to the prices of such books as they stood in need of and to the various book-collectors who attended public sales, Lisardo expressed himself highly obliged by the promise ; and sinking quietly into a corner of the chaise, he declared that he was now in a most apt mood to listen attentively to Philemon's digressive chat, who accordingly thus began :

“ Lord Coke,” exclaimed Philemon, in a mirthful strain, “ before he ventured upon *The Jurisdiction of the Courts of the Forest*, wished to ‘recreate himself’ with Virgil’s description of ‘Dido’s Doe of the Forest ;’⁴² in order that he might ‘proceed the more cheerfully’ with

AN APPROPRIATE DIGRESSION

the task he had undertaken, and thus exchange somewhat of the precise and technical language of the lawyer for that glowing tone of description which woodland scenes and hunting gayeties seldom fail to produce. Even so, my good friends (pursued Philemon), I shall make a little digression from the confined subject to which our attentions have been so long directed by taking you with me in imagination to the delightful abode of Orlando."

LISARDO. I have heard of him ; a very *helluo librorum* ! Thus we only change sides—from things to men ; from books to book-collectors. Is this digressive ? Is this an episode ?

PHILEMON. Why this abrupt interruption ? If I did not know you and myself, too, Lissardo, I should observe an obstinate silence during the remainder of the journey. An episode, though it suspend the main action for a while, partakes of the nature of the subject of the work. It is an appropriate digression. Do pray read Dr. Blair⁴³ upon the subject ; and now only listen.

Orlando (continued Philemon) had from his boyhood loved books and book-reading. His fortune was rather limited ; but he made shift—after bringing up three children, whom

ORLANDO'S MANSION

he lost from the ages of nineteen to twenty-four, and which have been recently followed to their graves by the mother that gave them birth—he made shift, notwithstanding the expenses of their college education, and keeping up the reputation of a truly hospitable table, to collect, from year to year, a certain number of volumes, according to a certain sum of money appropriated for the purchase of them; generally making himself master of the principal contents of the first year's purchase before the ensuing one was placed upon his shelves. He lives in a large ancestral house; and his library is most advantageously situated and delightfully fitted up. Disliking such a wintry residence as Thomson has described,⁴⁴ although fond of solemn retirement and of Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade," he has suffered the rules of common sense always to mingle themselves in his plans of domestic comfort; and, from the bow-windowed extremity of his library, he sees realised, at the distance of four hundred yards, Cæsar's gently flowing river Arar, in a stream which loses itself behind some low shrubs, above which is a softly undulating hill, covered with hazel and birch and oak. To the left is an open country in-

ORLANDO'S MANSION

tersected with meadows and corn fields and terminated by the blue mountains of Malvern at the distance of thirteen miles. Yet more to the left, but within one hundred and fifty yards of the house, and forming something of a foreground to the landscape, are a few large and lofty elm trees, under which many a swain has rested from his toil ; many a tender vow has been breathed ; many a Sabbath afternoon⁴⁵ innocently kept ; and many a village-wake cordially celebrated ! Some of these things yet bless the aged eyes of Orlando !

I have slightly noticed the comfortable interior of his library.

LISARDO. You spoke of a bow-windowed extremity —

PHILEMON. Yes, in this bow-window—the glass of which was furnished full two hundred and fifty years ago, and which has recently been put into a sensible modern frame-work, thereby affording two hours longer light to the inhabitant—in this bow-window, you will see a great quantity of stained glass of the different arms of his own and of his wife's family ; with other appropriate embellishments. And when the evening sun-beams throw a chequered light throughout the room, 't is pleasant to

ORLANDO'S LIBRARY

observe how Orlando enjoys the opening of an Aldine Greek Classic, the ample-margined leaves of which receive a mellower tint from the soft lustre that pervades the library. Every book, whether opened or closed, is benefited by this due portion of light, so that the eye in wandering over the numerous shelves is neither hurt by morning glare nor evening gloom. Of colours in his furniture he is very sparing; he considers white shelves picked out with gold as heretical — mahogany, wainscot, black and red, are what he calls orthodox colours. He has a few busts and vases, and as his room is very lofty, he admits above, in black and gold frames, a few portraits of eminent literary characters, and whenever he gets a genuine Van-dyke or Velasquez he congratulates himself exceedingly upon his good fortune.

LISARDO. All this bespeaks a pretty correct taste. But I wish to know something of the man.

PHILEMON. You shall presently; and, in hearing what I am about to relate, only let us both strive, good Lisardo, so to regulate our studies and feelings that our old age may be like unto Orlando's.

Last year I went with my uncle to pay him

INSCRIPTION OVER DOOR

our annual visit. He appeared quite altered and shaken from the recent misfortune of losing his wife, who had survived the death of her children fifteen years, herself dying in the sixtieth of her own age. The eyes of Orlando were sunk deeply into his forehead yet they retained their native brilliancy and quickness. His cheeks were wan and a good deal withered. His step was cautious and infirm. When we were seated in his comfortable library chairs, he extended his right arm towards me, and squeezing my hand cordially within his own, — “Philemon,” said he, “you are not yet thirty, and have therefore sufficient ardour to enable you to gratify your favourite passion for books. Did you ever read the inscription over the outside of my library door? I borrowed it from Lomeir’s account of one over a library at Parma.”

On my telling him that it had escaped me, “Go,” said he, “and not only read, but remember it.”

The inscription was as follows:

INGREDERE MUSIS SACER, NAM
ET HIC DII HABITANT.
ITEM
NULLUS AMICUS MAGIS LIBET
QUAM LIBER.

ORLANDO'S SOLACE

“Have a care,” said he, on my resuming my seat—“have a care that you do not treat such a friend ill or convert him into a foe. For myself my course is well-nigh run. My children have long taken their leave of me to go to the common parent who created and to the Saviour who has vouchsafed to redeem us all; and though the usual order of nature has been here inverted I bow to the fate which Heaven has allotted me with the unqualified resignation of a Christian. My wife has also recently left me for a better place, and I confess that I begin to grow desolate and anxious to take my departure to join my family.

“In my solitude, dear Philemon, I have found these (pointing to his books) to be what Cicero and Seneca and our own countryman, De Bury, have so eloquently and truly described them to be — our friends, our instructors and our comforts. Without any affectation of hard reading, great learning or wonderful diligence, I think I may venture to say that I have read more valuable books than it falls to the lot of the generality of book-collectors to read, and I would fain believe that I have profited by my studies. Although not of the profession of the church, you know that I have always cherished

CATHOLIC VIEWS

a fondness for sacred literature, and there is hardly a good edition of the Greek Testament or a commentator of repute upon the Bible, foreign or domestic, but what you will find some reference to the same in my interleaved copy of Bishop Wilson's edition of the Holy Scriptures. A great number of these commentators themselves are in my library, as well as every authoritative edition of the Greek Testament, from the Complutensian to Griesbach's.

“ Yet do not suppose that my theological books are equal in measure to one fourth part of those in the Imperial library at Paris. My object has always been instruction and improvement, and when these could be obtained from any writer, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, Arminian or Calvinistic, I have not failed to thank him and to respect him, too, if he has declared his opinions with becoming diffidence and moderation. You know that nothing so sorely grieves me as dogmatical arrogance in a being who will always be frail and capricious, let him think and act as he please.

“ On a Sunday evening I usually devote a few hours to my theological studies—if you will allow my Sabbath meditations to be so called — and, almost every summer evening in

HIS FAVOURITE READING

the week, saunter midst yon thickets and meadows by the river side, with Collins or Thomson or Cowper in my hand. The beautiful sentiments and grand imagery of Walter Scott are left to my in-door avocations, because I love to read the curious books to which he refers in his notes and have always admired, what I find few critics have noticed, how adroitly he has ingrafted fiction upon truth.

“ As I thus perambulate, with my book generally open, the villagers treat me as Sir Roger de Coverley made his tenants treat the *Spectator* by keeping at a respectful distance ; but when I shut up my volume and direct my steps home-wards, I am always sure to find myself, before I reach my threshold, in company with at least half a dozen gossiping and well-meaning rustics. In other departments of reading, history and poetry are my delight. On a rainy or snowy day, when all looks sad and dismal without, my worthy friend and neighbour, Phormio, sometimes gives me a call and we have a rare set-to at my old favourite volumes — the *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ* of Wolfius,⁴⁶ a common-place book of as many curious, extraordinary, true and false occurrences as were ever introduced into two ponderous folios.

DESTINATION OF HIS LIBRARY

The number of strange cuts in it used to amuse my dear children, whose parent from the remembrance of the past still finds a pleasing recreation in looking at them. So much, dear Philemon, for my desultory mode of studying. Improve upon it, but at all events love your books for the good which they may produce, provided you open them with ‘singleness of heart’ that is, a sincerity of feeling.

“In a short time,” continued the venerable Orlando after a pause of fifteen seconds, “in a short time I must bid adieu to this scene, to my choice copies, beautiful bindings, and all the classical furniture which you behold around you. Yes!—as Reimannus has well observed, —‘there is no end to accumulating books, whilst the boundaries of human existence are limited indeed!’ But I have made every necessary and I hope appropriate regulation; the greater part of my library is bequeathed to one of the colleges in the University of Oxford, with an injunction to put an inscription over the collection very different from what the famous Ranzau⁴⁷ directed to be inscribed over his own. About three hundred volumes you will find bequeathed to you, dear Philemon, accompanied with a few remarks not very dif-

AFFECTING NARRATION

ferent from what Lotichius indited, with his dying breath, in his book legacy to the learned Sambucus :—

Pro quibus officiis, hæres abeuntis amici,
accipe fortunæ munera parva meæ.
Non mihi sunt Baccho colles, oleisque virentes,
prædiave Æmiliis conspicienda jugis.
Tu veterum dulces scriptorum sume libellos,
attritos manibus quos juvat esse meis.
Invenies etiam viridi quæ lusimus ævo,
dum studiis ætas mollibus apta fuit.
Illa velim rapidis sic uras carmina flammis
ut vatem ipse suis ignibus jussit Amor.

I will at present say no more. Come and see me whenever you have an opportunity. I exact nothing extraordinary of you, and shall therefore expect nothing beyond what one man of sense and of virtue, in our relative situations, would pay to the other.”

“ So spake Orlando,” said Philemon, with tears in his eyes, who, upon looking at Lisardo and myself, found our faces covered with our handkerchiefs and unable to utter a word.

The deliberate manner in which this recital was made, the broken periods and frequent pauses, filled up a great measure of our journey, and we found that St. Paul’s dome was increasing upon us in size and distinctness,

FOREIGN COMPETITION

and that we had not more than three miles to travel, when Lisardo, wishing to give a different turn to the discourse, asked Philemon what was the cause of such extravagant sums being now given at book-sales for certain curious and uncommon but certainly not highly intrinsically valuable publications, and whether our ancestors, in the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, paid in proportion for the volumes of their Libraries?

Upon Philemon's declaring himself unable to gratify his friend's curiosity, but intimating that some assistance might probably be derived from myself, I took up the discourse by observing :

“ In the infancy of printing in this country — owing to the competition of foreigners — it would seem that our own printers, who were both booksellers and bookbinders, had suffered considerably in their trade by being obliged to carry their goods to a market where the generality of purchasers were pleased with more elegantly executed works at an inferior price. The legislature felt as every patriotic legislature would feel for their injured countrymen, and accordingly the statute of Richard III. was enacted,⁴⁸ whereby English printers and

CAXTON — LAW-BOOKS

bookbinders were protected from the mischiefs which would otherwise have overtaken them.

“ Thus our old friend Caxton went to work with greater glee and mustered up all his energies to bring a good stock of British manufacture to the market. What he usually sold his books for in his lifetime I have not been able to ascertain ; but on his decease one of his *Golden Legends* was valued, in the churchwardens’ books, at six shillings and eight pence. Whether this was a great or small sum I know not; but from the same authority we find that twenty-two pounds were given twelve years before [1475] for eleven huge folios called *Antiphoners*.⁴⁹

“ In the reign of Henry VIII. it would seem from a memorandum in the catalogue of the Fletewode library, if I can trust my memory with such minutiae, that law-books were sold for about ten sheets to the groat. Now, in the present day, law-books, considering the wretched style in which they are published, with broken types upon milk-and-water-tinted paper, are the dearest of all modern publications. Whether they were anciently sold for so comparatively extravagant a sum may remain to be proved. Certain it is that before

ANCIENT PRICES OF BOOKS

the middle of the sixteenth century you might have purchased Grafton's abridgment of Polydore Virgil's superficial work about *The Invention of Things* for fourteen pence,⁵⁰ and the same printer's *Book of Common Prayer* for four shillings. Yet if you wanted a superbly bound *Prymer*, it would have cost you (even five and twenty years before) nearly half a guinea.⁵¹ Nor could you have purchased a decent *Ballad* much under sixpence, and *Hall's Chronicle* would have drawn from your purse twelve shillings ;⁵² so that, considering the then value of specie, there is not much ground of complaint against the present prices of books.”

LISARDO. All this is very just. You are now creeping towards the seventeenth century. Go on with your prices of books till nearly the present day, when the Bibliomania has been supposed to have attained its highest pitch.

“Don't expect,” resumed I, “any antiquarian exactness in my chronological detail of what our ancestors used to give for their curiously covered volumes. I presume that the ancient method of bookbinding⁵³ added much to the expense of the purchase. But be this as it may, we know that Sir Ralph Sadler at the close of the sixteenth century had

ANCIENT AND PRESENT PRICES

a pretty fair library, with a *Bible* in the chapel to boot, for £10. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, we find the Earl of Peterborough enlisting among the book champions and giving, at the sale of Richard Smith's books in 1682, not less than eighteen shillings and two pence for the first English edition of his beloved *Godfrey of Boulogne*. In Queen Anne's time, Earl Pembroke and Lord Oxford spared no expense for books, and Dr. Mead, who trod closely upon their heels, cared not at what price he purchased his *editiones principes* and all the grand books which stamped such a value upon his collection. And yet, let us look at the priced catalogue of his library or at that of his successor Dr. Askew, and compare the sums then given for those now offered for similar works!"

LISARDO. You allude to a late sale in Pall Mall of one of the choicest and most elegant libraries ever collected by a man of letters and taste?

"I do, Lisardo—but see, we are just entering the smoke and bustle of London and in ten minutes shall have reached the scene of action."

PHILEMON. How do you feel?

SCENE OF ACTION

LISARDO. Why, tolerably calm. My pulse beats as leisurely as did my Lord Strafford's at his trial—or (to borrow Hamlet's phrase)
as yours, it doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music.

PHILEMON. Ninety-five to the minute! You are just now in a fit frame of mind to write a political pamphlet. Pray consider what will be the issue of this madness?

LISARDO. No more! Now for my catalogue; and let me attend to my marks. But our friend is not forgetful of his promise?

PHILEMON. I dare say he will assist us in regulating the prices we ought to give and more particularly in making us acquainted with the most notable book-collectors.

Upon my readily acquiescing in their demand we leapt from the chaise — giving orders for it to attend by three o'clock — and hurried immediately upstairs into the auction room.

The clock had struck twelve, and in half an hour the sale was to begin. Not more than nine or ten gentlemen were strolling about the room, some examining the volumes which were to be sold and making hieroglyphical marks thereupon in their catalogues, some giving commissions to the clerk who entered

LEPIDUS

their names, with the sums they intended staking, in a manner equally hieroglyphical. Others, again, seemed to be casting an eye of vacancy over the whole collection, or waiting till a book friend arrived with whom they might enter into a little chat.

“ You observe, my friends,” said I softly, “ yonder active and keen-visaged gentleman? ’T is Lepidus. Like Magliabechi, content with frugal fare and frugal clothing and preferring the riches of a library to those of house furniture, he is insatiable in his bibliomaniacal appetites. ‘ Long experience has made him sage;’ and it is not therefore without just reason that his opinions are courted and considered as almost oracular. You will find that he will take his old station commanding the right or left wing of the auctioneer, and that he will enliven by the gayety and shrewdness of his remarks the circle that more immediately surrounds him. Some there are who will not bid till Lepidus bids and who surrender all discretion and opinion of their own to his universal book knowledge. The consequence is that Lepidus can with difficulty make purchases for his own library, and a thousand dexterous and happy manœuvres are of necessity obliged

HIS BOOK TASTES

to be practised by him, whenever a rare or curious book turns up. How many fine collections has this sagacious bibliomaniac seen disposed of? Like Nestor, who preaches about the fine fellows he remembered in his youth, Lepidus — although barely yet in his grand climacteric! — will depicture with moving eloquence the numerous precious volumes of far-famed collectors, which he has seen, like Macbeth's witches,

Come like shadows, so depart !

And when any particular class of books, now highly coveted, but formerly little esteemed, comes under the hammer and produces a large sum, — ah then ! 't is pleasant to hear Lepidus exclaim —

O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos !

Justly respectable as are his scholarship and good sense, he is not what you may call a fashionable collector, for old chronicles and romances are most rigidly discarded from his library. Talk to him of Hoffman, Schoettgenius, Rosenmüller and Michaelis and he will listen courteously to your conversation; but when you expatiate however learnedly and rapturously upon Froissart and Prince Arthur, he will tell you that he has a heart of stone

MUSTAPHA

upon the subject, and that even a clean uncut copy of an original impression of each by Verard or by Caxton would not bring a single tear of sympathetic transport in his eyes."

LISARDO. I will not fail to pay due attention to so extraordinary and interesting a character, for see! he is going to take his distinguished station in the approaching contest. The hammer of the worthy auctioneer, which I suppose is of as much importance as was Sir Fopling's periwig of old,⁵⁴ upon the stage—the hammer is upon the desk!—The company begin to increase and close their ranks, and the din of battle will shortly be heard. Let us keep these seats. Now, tell me who is yonder strange-looking gentleman?

“ ’T is Mustapha, a vender of books. ‘ *Consuetudine invalescens, ac veluti callum diuturna cogitatione obducens*,’ he comes forth, like an alchemist from his laboratory, with hat and wig ‘ sprinkled with learned dust,’ and deals out his censures with as little ceremony as correctness. It is of no consequence to him by whom positions are advanced or truth is established, and he hesitates very little about calling Baron Heinecken a tom-fool, or a shameless impostor. If your library were as choice and

MUSTAPHA

elegant as Dr. H——’s he would tell you that his own disordered shelves and badly coated books presented an infinitely more precious collection; nor must you be at all surprised at this, for like Braithwaite’s *Upotomis*,

Though weak in judgment, in opinion strong;
or like the same author’s *Meilixos*,

Who deems all wisdom treasured in his pate,
our book-vender in the catalogues which he
puts forth shows himself to be ‘a great and
bold carpenter of words;’ overcharging the
description of his own volumes with tropes,
metaphors, flourishes and commonplace author-
ties; the latter of which one would think had
but recently come under his notice, as they
had been already before the public in various
less ostentatious forms.”

PHILEMON. Are you then an enemy to book-
sellers, or to their catalogues when interlaced
with bibliographical notices?

“By no means, Philemon. I think as highly
of our own as did the author of the Aprosian
library of the Dutch booksellers, and I love to
hear that the bibliographical labour bestowed
upon a catalogue has answered the end pro-
posed, by sharpening the appetites of pur-

MUSTAPHA

chasers. But the present is a different case. Mustapha might have learnt good sense and good manners from his right hand or left hand or opposite neighbour, but he is either too conceited or too obstinate to have recourse to such aid. What is very remarkable, although he is constantly declaiming against the enormous sums of money given for books at public auctions, Mustapha doth not scruple to push the purchaser to the last farthing of his commission, from a ready knack which he hath acquired by means of some magical art in hisforesaid laboratory, of deciphering the same; thus adopting in a most extraordinary manner the very line of conduct himself which he so tartly censures in others."

PHILEMON. Was this the gentleman whose catalogue—as you showed me—contained the fascinating colophon of Juliana Berner's book of hawking, hunting and heraldry, printed in the year 1486, subjoined to a copy of the common reprint of it by Gervase Markham; thereby provoking a thousand inquiries after the book, as if it had been the first edition?

"The same," resumed I. "But let us leave such ridiculous vanity."

LISARDO. Who is that gentleman standing

BERNARDO

towards the right of the auctioneer and looking so intently upon his catalogue?

“ You point to my friend Bernardo. He is thus anxious, because an original fragment of the fair lady’s work which you have just mentioned is coming under the hammer, and powerful indeed must be the object to draw his attention another way. The demure prioress of Sopewell abbey is his ancient sweet-heart ; and he is about introducing her to his friends by a union with her as close and as honourable as that of wedlock. Engaged in a laborious profession, the duties of which are faithfully performed by him, Bernardo devotes his few leisure hours to the investigation of old works ; thinking with the ancient poet, quoted by Ashmole, that

out of old fields as men saythe
Cometh all this new corne fro yeare to yeare ;
And out of olde Bokes in good faythe
Cometh all this scyence that men leare —

or with Ashmole himself that ‘ old words have strong emphasis ; others may look upon them as rubbish or trifles, but they are grossly mistaken ; for what some light brains may esteem as foolish toys, deeper judgments can and will value as sound and serious matter.’

BERNARDO

“If you ask me whether Bernardo be always successful in his labours, I should answer you, as I have told him, No ; for the profit and applause attendant upon them are not commensurate with his exertions. Moreover, I do verily think that in some few instances he sacrifices his judgment to another’s whim, by a reluctance to put out the strength of his own powers. He is also, I had almost said, the admiring slave of Ritsonian fastidiousness, and will cry ‘pish’ if a *u* be put for a *v*, or a *single e* for a *double one* ; but take him fairly as he is and place him firmly in the bibliographical scale and you will acknowledge that his weight is far from being inconsiderable. He is a respectable and every way a praiseworthy man ; and although he is continually walking in a thick forest of black letter and would prefer a book printed before the year 1550 to a turtle dressed according to the rules of Mr. Farley, yet he can ever and anon sally forth to enjoy a stroll along the river side, with Izaak Walton⁵⁵ in his hand ; when ‘he hath his wholesome walk and merry, at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers, that maketh him hungry.’⁵⁶

“ But see ! the hammer is vibrating at an

QUISQUILIUS

angle of twenty-two and a half over a large paper priced catalogue of Major Pearson's books! — Who is the lucky purchaser?

“Quisquilius, a victim to the Bibliomania. If one single copy of a work happen to be printed in a more particular manner than another, and if the compositor (clever rogue) happen to have transposed or inverted a whole sentence or page, if a plate or two, no matter of what kind or how executed, go along with it, which is not to be found in the remaining copies; if the paper happen to be unique in point of size—whether maxima or minima—oh, then, thrice happy is Quisquilius! With a well-furnished purse, the strings of which are liberally loosened, he devotes no small portion of wealth to the accumulation of prints, and can justly boast of a collection of which few of his contemporaries are possessed.

“But his walk in book-collecting is rather limited. He seldom rambles into the luxuriancy of old English black-letter literature, and cares still less for a variorum Latin classic, stamped in the neat mintage of the Elzevir press. Of a Greek Aldus, or an Italian Giunta, he has never yet had the luxury to dream —

trahit sua quemque voluptas;

QUISQUILIUS

and let Quisquilius enjoy his hobby-horse, even to the riding of it to death ! But let him not harbour malevolence against supposed injuries inflicted ! let not foolish prejudices, or unmanly suspicions, rankle in his breast ! Authors and book-collectors are sometimes as enlightened as himself and have cultivated pursuits equally honourable. Their profession too may sometimes be equally beneficial to their fellow-creatures. A few short years shall pass away and it will be seen who has contributed the more effectively to the public stock of amusement and instruction. We wrap ourselves up in our own little vanities and weaknesses, and fancying wealth and wisdom to be synonymous vent our spleen against those who are resolutely striving under the pressure of mediocrity and domestic misfortune to obtain an honourable subsistence by their intellectual exertions.”

LISARDO. A truce to this moralising strain. Pass we on to a short gentleman, busily engaged yonder in looking at a number of volumes and occasionally conversing with two or three gentlemen from five to ten inches taller than himself. What is his name ?

“ Rosicrusius is his name, and an ardent and indefatigable book-forager he is. Although just

ROSIKRUSIUS

now busily engaged in antiquarian researches relating to British typography, he fancies himself nevertheless deeply interested in the discovery of every ancient book printed abroad. Examine his little collection of books, and you will find that as Pope says in *The Dunciad*,

There Caxton sleeps, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood and one in strong cow-hide !

and yet a beautiful volume printed at ‘Basil or Heidelberg makes him spinne ; and at seeing the word Frankford or Venice, though but on the title of a booke, he is readie to break doublet, cracke elbows, and overflowe the room with his murmure.’ Bibliography is his darling delight — ‘una voluptas et meditatio assidua,’ and in defence of the same he would quote you a score of old-fashioned authors, from Gesner to Harles, whose very names would excite scepticism about their existence. He is the author of various works, chiefly bibliographical, upon which the voice of the public — if we except a little wicked quizzing at his black-letter propensities in a celebrated North Briton Review — has been generally favourable.

“Although the old-maidenish particularity of

ROSIKRUSIUS

Tom Hearne's genius be not much calculated to please a bibliomaniac of lively parts, yet Rosicrusius seems absolutely enamoured of that ancient wight and to be in possession of the cream of all his pieces, if we may judge from what he has already published and promises to publish concerning the same. He once had the temerity to dabble in poetry ; but he never could raise his head above the mists which infest the swampy ground at the foot of Parnassus. Still he loves 'the divine art' enthusiastically and affects, forsooth ! to have a taste in matters of engraving and painting ! Converse with him about Guercino and Albert Dürer, Berghem and Woollett, and tell him that you wish to have his opinion about the erection of a large library, and he will 'give tongue' to you from rise to set of sun. Wishing him prosperity in his projected works and all good fellows to be his friends, proceed we in our descriptive survey."

LISARDO. I am quite impatient to see Atticus in this glorious group, of whom fame makes such loud report —

"Yonder see he comes, Lisardo ! 'Like arrow from the hunter's bow,' he darts into the hottest of the fight and beats down all opposition. In

ATTICUS

vain Boscardo advances with his heavy artillery, sending forth occasionally a forty-eight pounder ; in vain he shifts his mode of attack — now with dagger and now with broadsword, now in plated and now in quilted armour — nought avails him. In every shape and at every onset he is discomfited. Such a champion as Atticus has perhaps never before appeared within the arena of book-gladiators :

Blest with talents, wealth, and taste,

and gifted with no common powers of general scholarship, he can easily master a knotty passage in *Æschylus* or *Aristotle*, and quote *Juvenal* and *Horace* as readily as the junior lads at Eton quote their ‘As in *praesenti* ;’ moreover he can enter with equal ardour into a minute discussion about the romance literature of the middle ages and the dry though useful philology of the German school during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

“ In the pursuit after rare, curious and valuable books, nothing daunts or depresses him. With a mental and bodily constitution such as few possess, and with a perpetual succession of new objects rising up before him, he seems hardly ever conscious of the vicissitudes of the

ATTICUS

seasons and equally indifferent to petty changes in politics. The cutting blasts of Siberia or the fainting heat of a Maltese sirocco would not make him halt, or divert his course in the pursuit of a favourite volume, whether in the Greek, Latin, Spanish or Italian language.

“ But as all human efforts, however powerful, if carried on without intermission, must have a period of cessation, and as the most active body cannot be at ‘Thebes and at Athens’ at the same moment, so it follows that Atticus cannot be at every auction and carry away every prize. His rivals narrowly watch and his enemies closely waylaid him ; and his victories are rarely bloodless in consequence.

“ If, like Darwin’s whale, which swallows ‘millions at a gulp,’ Atticus should at one auction purchase from two to seven hundred volumes, he must retire like the boa-constrictor for digestion ; and accordingly he does for a short season withdraw himself from ‘the busy hum’ of sale rooms, to collate, methodise and class his newly acquired treasures, to repair what is defective and to beautify what is deformed ; thus rendering them ‘companions meet’ for their brethren in the rural shades of H—— Hall, where in gay succession stands many a

ATTICUS

row, heavily laden with ‘rich and rare’ productions. In this rural retreat or academic bower Atticus spends a due portion of the autumnal season of the year, now that the busy scenes of book-auctions in the metropolis have changed their character and dreary silence and stagnant dirt have succeeded to noise and flying particles of learned dust.

“Here in his ancestral abode Atticus can happily exchange the microscopic investigation of books for the charms and manly exercises of a rural life, eclipsing in this particular the celebrity of Cæsar Antoninus, who had not universality of talent sufficient to unite the love of hawking and hunting with the passion for book-collecting. The sky is no sooner dappled o’er with the first morning sun-beams than up starts our distinguished bibliomanic, either to shoot or to hunt, either to realise all the fine things which Pope has written about ‘lifting the tube and levelling the eye in Windsor Forest ;’ or to join the jolly troop, while they chant the hunting song of his poetical friend, Walter Scott :

Waken, lords and ladies gay ;
On the mountain dawns the day.
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting spear :

ATTICUS

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay;
The mist has left the mountain gray.
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the lake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green:
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Meanwhile, his house is not wanting in needful garniture to render a country residence most congenial. His cellars below vie with his library above. Besides 'the brown October'—'drawn from his dark retreat of thirty years,' and the potent comforts of every species of 'barley broth' there are the ruddier and more sparkling juices of the grape, 'fresh of colour, and of look lovely, smiling to the eyz of many'—as Master Laneham hath it in his celebrated letter. I shall leave you to finish the picture, which such a sketch may suggest, by referring you to 'Autumn' by your favourite, Thomson."

LISARDO. Your account of so extraordinary a bibliomaniac is quite amusing, but I suspect you exaggerate a little.

"Nay, Lisardo, I speak nothing but the

HIS PECCANT PART

truth. In book reputation, Atticus unites all the activity of De Witt and Loménie, with the retentiveness of Magliabechi and the learning of Le Long. And yet he has his peccant part."

LISARDO. Speak, I am anxious to know.

"Yes, Lisardo, although what Leichius hath said of the library attached to the senate-house of Leipsic be justly applicable to his own extraordinary collection, yet Atticus doth sometimes sadly err. He has now and then an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were ever parties to a deed or stamina to a plant; and therefore I cannot call him a duplicate or triplicate collector. His best friends scold, his most respectable rivals censure, and a whole 'mob of gentlemen' who think to collect 'with ease,' threaten vengeance against him, for this despotic spirit which he evinces, and which I fear nothing can stay or modify but an act of parliament that no gentleman shall purchase more than two copies of a work, one for his town the other for his country residence."

PHILEMON. But does he atone for his sad error by being liberal in the loan of his volumes?

"Most completely so, Philemon. This is

HIS BETTER PART

the *pars melior* of every book-collector, and it is indeed the better part with Atticus. The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library —

His volumes, open as his heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art
To every ear and eye impart.

His books therefore are not a stagnant reservoir of unprofitable water, as are those of Pontevallo's; but like a thousand rills which run down from the lake on Snowdon's summit after a plentiful fall of rain, they serve to fertilise and adorn every thing to which they extend. In consequence, he sees himself reflected in a thousand mirrors, and has a right to be vain of the numerous dedications to him and of the richly ornamented robes in which he is attired by his grateful friends."

LISARDO. Long life to Atticus, and to all such book heroes! Now pray inform me who is yonder gentleman, of majestic mien and shape? — and who strikes a stranger with as much interest as Agamemnon did Priam, when the Grecian troops passed at a distance in order of review, while the Trojan monarch and Helen were gossiping with each other on the battlements of Troy!

HORTENSIUS—ULPIAN

“ That gentleman, Lisardo, is Hortensius, who you see is in close conversation with an intimate friend and fellow-bibliomaniac, that ycleped is Ulpian. They are both honourable members of an honourable profession, and although they have formerly sworn to purchase no old book but Machlinia’s first edition of Littleton’s *Tenures*, yet they cannot resist, now and then, the delicious impulse of becoming masters of a black-letter chronicle or romance. Taste and talent of various kind they both possess, and ’tis truly pleasant to see gentlemen and scholars engaged in a laborious profession, in which comparatively ‘little vegetation quickens, and few salutary plants take root,’ finding ‘a pleasant grove for their wits to walk in’ amidst rows of beautifully bound and intrinsically precious volumes. They feel it delectable, ‘from the loop-holes of such a retreat,’ to peep at the multifarious pursuits of their brethren, and while they discover some busied in a perversion of book-taste, and others preferring the short-lived pleasures of sensual gratifications, which must ‘not be named’ among good bibliomaniacs, they can sit comfortably by their fire-sides, and pointing to a well-furnished library, say to their wives—who heartily

LEONTES

sympathise in the sentiment of Braithwaite's *Arcadian Princesse*—

This gives us health, or adds to life a day !
Or helps decayed beauty, or repairs
Our chop-fallen cheeks or winter-molted hairs."

LISARDO. When I come to town to settle, pray introduce me to these amiable and sensible bibliomaniacs. Now gratify a curiosity that I feel to know the name and character of yonder respectable-looking gentleman, in the dress of the old school, who is speaking in so gracious a manner to Bernardo !

“ ’T is Leontes, a man of taste and an accomplished antiquary. Even yet he continues to gratify his favourite passion for book and print collecting, although his library is at once choice and copious and his collection of prints exquisitely fine. He yet enjoys in the evening of life all that unruffled temper and gentlemanly address which delighted so much in his younger days, and which will always render him in his latter years equally interesting and admired. Like Atticus he is liberal in the loan of his treasures, and as with him so ’t is with Leontes, the spirit of book-collecting ‘ assumes the dignity of a virtue.’ Peace and comfort be the attendant spirits of Leontes through life

THE MERCURII

and in death, the happiness of a better world await him beyond the grave! His memory will always be held in reverence by honest bibliomaniacs, and a due sense of his kindness towards myself shall constantly be impressed upon me—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regeret artus.”

PHILEMON. Amen. With Leontes I suppose you close your account of the most notorious bibliomaniacs who generally attend book sales in person ; for I observe no other person who mingles with those already described ; unless indeed, three very active young ones, who occasionally converse with each other and now and then have their names affixed to some very expensive purchases—

“They are the three Mercurii, oftentimes deputed by distinguished bibliomaniacs, who, fearful of the sharpshooting powers of their adversaries if they themselves should appear in the ranks, like prudent generals keep aloof. But their aides-de-camp are not always successful in their missions ; for such is the obstinacy with which book battles are now contested that it requires three times the number of guns and weight of metal to accomplish a particular

THE MERCURII

object to what it did when John Duke of Marlborough wore his full-bottomed periwig at the battle of Blenheim.

“Others there are again who employ these Mercurii from their own inability to attend in person, owing to distance, want of time and other similar causes. Hence many a desperate bibliomaniac keeps in the back-ground, while the public are wholly unacquainted with his curious and rapidly increasing treasures. Hence Sir Tristram, embosomed in his forest-retreat,

down the steepy linn
That hems his little garden in,

is constantly increasing his stores of tales of genii, fairies, fays, ghosts, hobgoblins, magicians, highwaymen and desperadoes; and equally acceptable to him is a copy of Castilio’s elegant version of Homer and of St. Dunstan’s book *De Occulta Philosophia*, concerning which latter, Elias Ashmole is vehement in commendation. From all these, after melting them down in his own unparalleled poetical crucible which hath charms as potent as the witches’ cauldron in Macbeth, he gives the world many a wondrous-sweet song. Who that has read the exquisite poems, of the fame

PROSPERO — MARCELLUS

of which all Britain ‘rings from side to side,’ shall deny to such ancient legends a power to charm and instruct? Or who that possesses a copy of Prospero’s excellent volumes, although composed in a different strain, yet still more fruitful in ancient matters, shall not love the memory and exalt the renown of such transcendent bibliomaniacs? The library of Prospero is indeed acknowledged to be without a rival in its way. How pleasant it is, dear Philémon, only to contemplate such a goodly prospect of elegantly bound volumes of old English and French literature! and to think of the matchless stores which they contain relating to our ancient popular tales and romantic legends!

“Allied to this library, in the general complexion of its literary treasures, is that of Marcellus, while in the possession of numberless rare and precious volumes relating to the drama and especially to his beloved Shakespeare, it must be acknowledged that Marcellus hath somewhat the superiority. Meritorious as have been his labours in the illustration of our immortal bard, he is yet as zealous, vigilant and anxious as ever to accumulate every thing which may tend to the further illustration of

AURELIUS

him. Enter his book-cabinet, and with the sight of how many unique pieces and tracts are your ardent eyes blessed ! Just so it is with Aurelius ! He also with the three last-mentioned bibliomaniacs keeps up a constant fire at book auctions, although he is not personally seen in securing the spoils which he makes. Unparalleled as an antiquary in Caledonian history and poetry, and passionately attached to every thing connected with the fate of the lamented Mary, as well as with that of the great poetical contemporaries, Spenser and Shakespeare, Aurelius is indefatigable in the pursuit of such ancient lore as may add value to the stores however precious which he possesses. His *Noctes Atticæ*, devoted to the elucidation of the history of his native country, will erect to his memory a splendid and unperishable monument. These, my dear friends, these are the virtuous and useful and therefore salutary ends of book-collecting and book-reading. Such characters are among the proudest pillars that adorn the greatest nations upon earth.

“ Let me, however, not forget to mention that there are bashful or busy bibliomaniacs who keep aloof from book-sales, intent only

MENALCAS — RINALDO

upon securing by means of these Mercurii stainless or large-paper copies of ancient literature. While Menalcas sees his oblong cabinet decorated with such a tall, well-dressed and perhaps matchless regiment of Variorum Classics, he has little or no occasion to regret his unavoidable absence from the field of battle in the Strand or Pall Mall. And yet, although he is environed with a body-guard of which the great Frederick's father might have envied him the possession, he cannot help casting a wishful eye now and then upon still choicer and taller troops which he sees in the territories of his rivals. I do not know whether he would not sacrifice the whole right wing of his army for the securing of some magnificent treasures in the empire of his neighbour Rinaldo ; for there he sees and adores, with the rapture-speaking eye of a classical bibliomaniac, the tall, wide, thick, clean, brilliant and illuminated copy of the first *Livy* upon vellum, enshrined in an impenetrable oaken case, covered with choice morocco !

“ There he often witnesses the adoration paid to this glorious object by some bookish pilgrim, who, as the evening sun reposes softly upon the hill, pushes onward, through copse,

LISARDO NOT IDLE

wood, moor, heath, bramble and thicket, to feast his eyes upon the mellow lustre of its leaves and upon the nice execution of its typography. Menalcas sees all this, and yet has too noble a heart to envy Rinaldo his treasures ! These bibliomaniacs often meet and view their respective forces, but never with hostile eyes. They know their relative strength and wisely console themselves by being each ‘eminent in his degree.’ Like Corregio they are ‘also painters’ in their way.”

PHILEMON. A well-a-day, Lisardo ! Does not this recital chill your blood with despair ? Instead of making your purchases you are only listening supinely to our friend !

LISARDO. Not exactly so. One of these obliging Mercurii has already executed a few commissions for me. You forget that our friend entered into a little chat with him just before we took possession of our seats. As to despair of obtaining book-gems similar to those of the four last-mentioned bibliomaniacs, I know not what to say ; yet this I think must be granted,—no one could make a better use of them than their present owners. See, the elder Mercurius comes to tell me of a pleasant acquisition to my library ! What a murmur

SUCCESSES AND FAILURES

and confusion prevail about the auctioneer !
Good news, I trust ?

At this moment Lisardo received intelligence that he had obtained possession of the catalogues of the books of Bunau, Crevenna and Pinelli, and that after a desperate struggle with Quisquilius he came off victorious in a contest for De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive*, Gaignat's *Catalogue*, and the two copious ones of the Duke de la Vallière ; these four latter being half-bound and uncut, in nineteen volumes. Transport lit up the countenance of Lisardo upon his receiving this intelligence ; but as pleasure and pain go hand in hand in this world, so did this young and unsuspecting bibliomaniac evince heavy affliction on being told that he had failed in his attack upon the best editions of Le Long's *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Fresnoy's *Méthode pour étudier l'Histoire* and Baillet's *Jugemens des Savans*, these having been carried off at the point of the bayonet by an irresistible onset from Atticus.

“Remember, my friend,” said I, in a soothing strain, “remember that you are but a Polydore ; and must expect to fall when you encounter Achilles. Think of the honour you have acquired in this day's glorious contest, and

FURTHER SUCCESSES

when you are drenching your cups of claret at your hospitable board, contemplate your De Bure as a trophy which will always make you respected by your visitors ! I am glad to see you revive. Yet further intelligence ? ”

LISARDO. My good Mercurius, for whom a knife and fork shall always be laid at my table, has just informed me that Clément’s *Bibliothèque Curieuse* and Panzer’s *Typographical Annals* are knocked down to me, after Mustapha had picked me out for single combat and battered my breastplate with a thousand furious strokes !

“ You must always,” said I, “ expect tough work from such an enemy, who is frequently both wanton and wild. But I congratulate you heartily on the event of this day’s contest. Let us now pack up and pay for our treasures. Your servant has just entered the room and the chaise is most probably at the door.”

LISARDO. I am perfectly ready. Mercurius tells me that the whole amounts to —

PHILEMON. Upwards of thirty guineas ?

LISARDO. Hard upon forty pounds. Here is the draft upon my banker, and then for my precious tomes of bibliography ! A thousand thanks, my friend. I love this place of all

ROME, FAREWELL

things, and after your minute account of the characters of those who frequent it I feel a strong propensity to become a deserving member of so respectable a fraternity. Leaving them all to return to their homes as satisfied as myself, I wish them a hearty good day.

Upon saying this we followed Lisardo and his bibliographical treasures into the chaise, and instantly set off at a sharp trot for the quiet and comfort of green fields and running streams. As we rolled over Westminster bridge, we bade farewell, like the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to the

fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

THE SUPPLEMENT

WE are here introduced into one of the most bustling and spirit-stirring portions of the whole work. It is full of characters: alas! now, with only *two* exceptions, mouldering in their coffins! Philemon—who was one of my earliest and steadiest friends—introduces us to a character which under the name of Orlando made some impression upon the public, as it was thought to represent Michael Wodhull, Esq., of Thenford Hall, near Banbury; an admirable Greek scholar,—the translator of Euripides, and perhaps the most learned bibliographer of his age. The conjecture of Orlando being the representative of Mr. Wodhull was not a vain conjecture, although there were necessarily—I will not say *why*—parts that slightly varied from the original. Mr. Wodhull reappears, in his natural person, in the *Bibliographical Decameron*. Since the publication of that work a curious history attaches to his memory. Within a twelvemonth of the expiration of the statute of limitation an action

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at law in the shape of an ejectment was set on foot by a neighbouring family to dispossess the present rightful occupant, S. A. Severne, Esq., of the beautiful domain of Thenford, to ransack the Library, to scatter abroad pictures and curiosities of every description, on the alleged ground of insanity or incompetency to make a will on the part of Mr. Wodhull. As I had been very minute in the account of Mr. Wodhull's person in the work just alluded to, I became a witness in the cause, and as it was brought into Chancery my deposition was accordingly taken. I could have neither reluctance nor disinclination to meet the call of my excellent friend, Mr. Severne, as I was abundantly confident that the charge of "incompetency to make a will" could not rest upon the slightest foundation. It was insinuated, indeed, that the sister-in-law, Miss Ingram, had forged Mr. Wodhull's name to the will.

Such a conspiracy to defraud an honourable man and legitimate descendant of his property is hardly upon record; for, waiting the accidents that might occur by death or otherwise in the lapse of twenty years, the cause was brought into the Vice-Chancellor's court with the most sanguine hope of success. I was

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present during one of the days of argument and heard my own letter read, of which I had —contrary to my usual habits—taken a copy. The plaintiffs had written to me — suppressing the fact of the intended action — requesting to have my opinion as to Mr. Wodhull's capability. I returned such an answer as truth dictated.

The counsel for the plaintiffs — *ut mos est* — showered down upon the defendant every epithet connected with base fraud and low cunning, of which the contents of the brief seemed to warrant the avowal.

In due course Sir Knight Bruce, now one of the supernumerary Vice-Chancellors, rose to reply. His speech was one undisturbed stream of unclouded narrative and irresistible reasoning. The Vice-Chancellor, Shadwell, gave judgment, and my amiable and excellent friend, Mr. Severne, was not only to return in triumph to the mansion and to the groves which had been built and planted by his venerable ancestor, Mr. Wodhull, but he was strongly advised by the incorruptible judge on the bench to bring an action against the plaintiffs for one of the foulest conspiracies that had ever been developed in a court of justice. The

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defendant might have transported the whole kit of them.

But the giving advice and the following it when given are two essentially different things. A thousand guineas had been already expended on the part of Mr. Severne! When does my Lord Brougham really mean to reform the law? A recent publication—*Cranmer, a Novel*—has said that “he applies sedatives when he should have recourse to operations.”

But the reader must now hurry with me into “the auction room.” Of the whole group there represented, full of life and of action, two only remain to talk of the conquests achieved! And Mr. Hamper, too—whose note (52) at p. 99, is beyond all price—has been lately “gathered to his fathers.” *Ibimus, ibimus!* But for our book-heroes in the auction room.

The first in years as well as in celebrity is Lepidus, the representative of the late Rev. Dr. Gosset. In the *Bibliographical Decameron* ample mention is made of him, and here it is to me an equally grateful and delightful task to record the worth as well as the existence of his two sons, Isaac and Thomas, each a minister of the Church of England. The former

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is covered with olive branches as well as with reputation ; while the latter, declining the “branches” in question, rests upon the stem of his own inflexible worth and solid scholastic attainments. Mrs. Gardiner, the wife of a Major Gardiner, is the only daughter of Dr. Gosset, a wife but not a mother.

The second in the ranks is Mustapha. Everybody quickly found out the original in Mr. Gardiner, a bookseller in Pall Mall, who quickly set about repelling the attack here made upon him, by a long note appended to the article “Bibliomania,” in one of his catalogues. Gardiner never lacked courage, but, poor man ! his brains were under no control. We met after this reply and to the best of my recollection we exchanged — smiles. The catalogue in question, not otherwise worth a stiver, has been sold as high as 15s., in consequence of the Dibdinian flagellation. Poor Gardiner ! his end was most deplorable.

We approach Bernardo, who was intended to represent the late Mr. Joseph Haslewood ; and of whose book-fame a very particular and I would hope impartial account will be found in the *Literary Reminiscences of my Literary Life*. There is no one portion of that work

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which affords me more lively satisfaction on a reperusal. The cause of the individual was merged in the cause of truth. The strangest compound of the strangest materials that ever haunted a human brain, poor Bernardo was in spite of himself a man of note towards his latter days. Everybody wondered what was in him ; but something certainly worth the perusal oozed out of him in his various motley performances, and especially in his edition of *Drunken Barnaby's Tour*, which exhibited the rare spectacle of an accurate Latin as well as English text by an individual who did not know the dative singular from the dative plural of *hic hæc, hoc!*

Haslewood, however, “hit the right nail upon the head” when he found out the real author Barnaby in Richard Brathwaite ; from the unvarying designation of “On the Errata,” at the end of Brathwaite’s pieces, which is observable in that of his *Drunken Barnaby's Tour*. It was a *εῦρηκα* in its way ; and the late Mr. Heber used to shout aloud, “stick to that, Haslewood, and your fame is fixed !” He was always proud of it, but lost sight of it sadly as well as of almost every thing else when he composed *The Roxburghe Revels*. Yet what

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could justify the cruelty of dragging this piece of private absurdity before the public tribunal on the death of its author? Even in the grave our best friends may be our worst foes.

We are also introduced to *Quisquilius*, the then intended representative of Mr. George Baker of St. Paul's Churchyard; whose prints and graphic curiosities were sold after his death for several thousand pounds. Mr. Baker did not survive the publication of *The Bibliomania*; but it is said that he got scent of his delineated character, which ruffled every feather of his plumage. He was thin-skinned to excess, and as far as that went a *beautontimoroumenos*! Will this word “reanimate his clay”?

The “short gentleman” called Rosicrusius, must necessarily be the author of the work. He has not grown taller since its publication and his coffers continue to retain the same stinted condition as his person. Yet what has he not produced since that representation of his person? How has it pleased a gracious Providence to endow him with mental and bodily health and stamina to prosecute labours and to surmount difficulties which might have broken the hearts as well as the backs of many a wight “from five to ten inches taller than himself”!

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I desire to be grateful for this prolongation of labour as well as of life, and it will be my heartfelt consolation even to my dying hour that such “labour” will be acceptable to the latest posterity.

Yet a word or two by way of epilogue. The *Reminiscences* contain a *catalogue raisonné* of such works as were published up to the year 1836. Since then the author has not been idle. The *Tour into the North of England and Scotland*, in two super-royal octavos, studded with graphic gems of a variety of description — and dedicated to the most illustrious female in Europe, for the magnificence of a library the fruit chiefly of her own enterprise and liberality — has at least proved and maintained the spirit by which he has been long actuated. To reanimate a slumbering taste, to bring back the gay and gallant feelings of past times, to make men feel as gentlemen in the substitution of guineas for shillings, still to uphold the beauty of the press and the splendour of marginal magnitude were alone objects worthy an experiment to accomplish.

But this work had other and stronger claims to public notice and patronage, and it did not fail to receive them. Six hundred copies were

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irrevocably fixed in the course of the first eighteen months from the day of publication, and the price of the large paper has attained the sum of £12 12s. Strange circumstances have, however, here and there thrown dark shadows across the progress of the sale.

If it were pleasing to the Author in the course of his Journey to receive attentions and to acknowledge hospitalities from the gay and the great, it were yet more pleasing to hope and to believe that such attentions and hospitalities had been acknowledged with feelings and expressions becoming the character of a gentleman. They have been so, as the pages of the work abundantly testify.

But English courtesy is too frequently located. It is a coin with a feeble impress and seems subject to woful attrition in its circulation. The countenance which beams with complacency on receiving a guest to enliven a dull residence in a desolate neighbourhood is oftentimes overcharged with sadness or collapses into rigidity if the same guest should come under recognizance in a populous city. When I write *Instructions for an Author on his Travels*, I will advise a measured civility and a constrained homage, to criticise fearlessly

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and to praise sparingly. There are hearts too obtuse for the operations of gratitude.

The Scotch have behaved worthy of the inhabitants of the “land of cakes.” In spirit I am ever present with them and rambling midst their mountains and passes. If an author may criticise his own works, I should say that the preface to *The Scotch Tour* is the best piece of composition of which I have ever been guilty.

How little are people aware of the pleasure they sometimes unconsciously afford! When Mr. James Bohn, the publisher of *The Scotch Tour*, placed me one day accidentally opposite a long list of splendidly bound books and asked me “if I were acquainted with their author,” I could not help inwardly exclaiming—“non omnis moriar!” I am too poor to present them to my “Sovereign Mistress, the Queen Victoria;” but I did present her Majesty, in person, with a magnificently bound copy of *The Scotch Tour*, of which the acceptance was never acknowledged from the royal quarter; simply because, according to an etiquette which seems to me to be utterly incomprehensible, books presented in person are not acknowledged by the donee.

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I will not presume to quarrel with what I do not exactly understand, but I will be free to confess that had I been aware of this mystery I should have told her majesty on presenting the volume that “I had the greater pleasure in making the offering, as her illustrious father had been among the earliest and warmest patrons of my book-career, and that the work in question contained no faithless account of one of the most interesting portions of her dominions.”

This copy for the queen had a special vellum page, on which the Dedication or Inscription was printed in letters of gold.

At length we approach the once far-famed Atticus: the once illustrious Richard Heber, Esq., the self-ejected member of the University of Oxford. Even yet I scarcely know how to handle this subject or to expatiate upon a theme so extraordinary and so provocative of the most contradictory feelings. But it were better to be brief, as in fact a very long account of Mr. Heber’s later life will be found in my *Reminiscences* and there is little to add to what those pages contain.

It may be here only necessary to make mention of the sale of his wonderful library, won-

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derful in all respects, not less from the variety and importance of its contents than from the unparalleled number of duplicate volumes, even of works of the first degree of rarity. Of the latter, it may suffice to observe that, of the *editio princeps* of Plato, there were not fewer than ten copies, and of that of Aristotle five or six copies, each the production of the Aldine Press.

Several of these Platonic copies were to my knowledge beautiful ones, and what more than one such “beautiful copy” need mortal man desire to possess? I believe the copy of the Plato bought at the sale of Dr. Heath’s library in 1810 was upon the whole the most desirable. Both works are from the press of the elder Aldus.

It may be observed as mere preliminary matter that it was once in contemplation to publish the literary life of Mr. Heber, and an impression comes across my mind that I had tendered my services for the labour in question. The plan was however abandoned and perhaps wisely. There was also to have been a portrait prefixed from the pencil of Mr. Masquerier, the only portrait of him in later life; but the strangest whims and vagaries attended the surrendering, or rather the not surrendering, of the portrait in question. I am

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in possession of a correspondence upon this subject which is perfectly *sui generis*.

The library of Mr. Heber was consigned to the care and discretion of Messrs. Payne and Foss, booksellers of long-established eminence and respectability. It was merely intended to be an alphabetical sale catalogue, with no other bibliographical details than the scarcity or curiosity of the article warranted. It was also of importance to press the sale or sales with all convenient despatch; but the mass of books was so enormous that two years (1834-36) were consumed in the dispersion of them at home, to say nothing of what was sold in Flanders, at Paris and at Nuremberg. I have of late been abundantly persuaded that the acquisition of books, anywhere and of whatever kind, became an ungovernable passion with Mr. Heber, and that he was a Bibliomaniac in its strict as well as enlarged sense. Of his library at Nuremberg he had never seen a volume but he thought well of it, as it was the identical collection referred to by Panzer among his other authorities in his *Typographical Annals*. Of the amount of its produce when sold, I am ignorant.

I have said that the catalogue, which con-

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sisted of twelve parts—exclusively of a portion of foreign books, which were sold by the late Mr. Wheatley—was intended merely to be a sale catalogue without bibliographical remarks; but I must except Parts II., IV., and XI.; the first of these containing the Drama, the second the English Poetry and the third the Manuscripts—which, comparatively, luxuriate in copious and apposite description. “*Sic omnia!*” but it were impracticable. I believe that the manuscript department, comprised in about 1720 articles, produced upwards of £5000.

It should seem, first that the total number of articles was nearly fifty-three thousand—a number that almost staggers belief and places the collections of Tom Rawlinson and the Earl of Oxford at a very considerable distance behind, although the latter for *condition*—with one exception—has never been equalled and perhaps will probably never be surpassed. Secondly, if it be a legitimate mode of computation, taking two books for each article one with another throughout the entire catalogue, it will follow that the entire library of Mr. Heber, in England, contained not fewer than one hundred and five thousand volumes.

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The net amount of the sale of this unparalleled mass of books is said to have been £55,000; a large sum when the deductions from commissionship and the government-tax are taken into consideration.

Dr. Harwood thought that the sale of the Askew Library was a remarkable one, from its bringing a guinea per article — one with another — of the 4015 articles of which the library was composed. The history of the Heber sale might furnish materials for a little jocund volume, which can have nothing to do here; although there is more than one party mixed up with the tale who will find any thing but cause of mirth in the recital. That such a monument as this library should have been suffered to crumble to pieces without a syllable said of its owner is of all the marvellous occurrences in this marvellous world one of the most marvellous, and to be deprecated to the latest hour. Yet who was surrounded by a larger troop of friends than the individual who raised the monument?

One anecdote may be worth recording. The present venerable and deeply learned President of Magdalen College, Oxford, told me that on casting up the number of odd or appendant

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volumes, — as two or twelve more — to the several articles in the catalogue, he found it to amount to four thousand. Now *primâ facie* it seems hardly credible that there should have been such a number in such a library not deserving of mention as distinct articles, but it must be taken into consideration that Mr. Heber bought many lots for the sake of one particular book, and considering the enormous extent of his library it is not a very violent supposition or inference that these 4000 volumes were scarcely deserving of a more particular notice.

Pontevallo was the late John Dent, Esq., whose library was sold in 1827 and of which library that of the late Robert Heathcote formed the basis. It contained much that was curious, scarce and delectable, but the sale of it exhibited the first grand melancholy symptoms of the decay of the Bibliomania. The Sweynheym and Pannartz *Livy* of 1469, upon vellum, was allowed to be knocked down for £262! Mr. Evans, who had twice before sold that identical volume (first, in the sale of Mr. Edwards's library — see *Bibliographical Decameron* — and secondly in that of the late Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. — who had purchased the book for £782), did all that human

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powers could do to obtain a higher bidding ; but Messrs. Payne and Foss with little more than the breathing of competition became the purchasers at the very moderate sum first mentioned. From them it seemed to glide naturally as well as necessarily into the matchless collection of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville. I yet seem to hear the echo of the clapping of Sir M. M. Sykes's hands, when I was the herald of the intelligence of his having become the purchaser ! These echoes have all died away now : unless indeed they are likely to be revived by a Holford or a Bottfield.

Hortensius was the late Sir William Bolland, Knt., and a few years before his death one of the Barons of his Majesty's Exchequer. He died in his sixty-eighth year. He was an admirable man in all respects. I leave those who composed the domestic circle of which he was the delightful focus to expatiate upon that worth and excellence of which they were the constant witnesses and participators —

“ He best shall paint them who shall feel them most.”

To me the humbler task is assigned of recording what is only more particularly connected with books and *virtù*. And yet I may, not

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very inappropriately, make a previous remark. On obtaining a seat upon the bench the first circuit assigned to him was that of “the Oxford.” It proved to be heavy in the criminal calendar, and Mr. Baron Bolland had to pass sentence of death upon three criminals. A maiden circuit is rarely so marked, and I have reason to believe that the humane and warm-hearted feelings of the judge were never before or afterwards subjected to so severe a trial. It was a bitter and severe struggle with all the kindlier feelings of his heart.

But our theme is books. His library was sold by public auction under Mr. Evans’s hammer in the autumn of 1840. One anecdote connected with his books is worth recording. In my *Decameron* mention will be found of a bundle of poetical tracts, belonging to the Chapter-library at Lincoln, round which on my second visit to that library I had in imitation of Captain Cox entwined some whipcord, setting them apart for the consideration of the dean and chapter, whether a second time I might not become a purchaser of some of their book treasures. I had valued them at fourscore guineas. The books in question will be found mentioned in a note at page

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267 of the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*.

I had observed as follows in the work just referred to, “What would Hortensius say to the gathering of such flowers, to add to the previously collected Lincoln nosegay?” The reader will judge of my mingled pleasure and surprise, dashed however with a few grains of disappointment on not becoming the proprietor of them myself, when the Baron, one day after dining with him, led me to his book-case and pointing to these precious tomes asked me if I had ever seen them before?

For a little moment I felt the *obstupui* of Æneas.

“How is this?” exclaimed I.

“The secret is in the vault of the Capulets,” replied my friend—and it never escaped him. “Those are the identical books mentioned in your *Decameron*.”

Not many years afterwards I learnt from the late Benjamin Wheatley that he had procured them on a late visit to Lincoln; and that my price affixed was taken as their just value. Of these Lincolnian treasures, one volume alone—the *Rape of Lucrece*—brought one hundred guineas at the sale of the judge’s library, begin-

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ning on the 18th of November, 1840. It should seem that only four other perfect copies are known.

The library of the late Mr. Baron Bolland, consisting of 2940 articles, brought a trifle more than a guinea per article. It was choice, curious and instructively miscellaneous. Its owner was a man of taste as well as a scholar, and the crabbed niceties of his profession had neither chilled his heart nor clouded his judgment. He revelled in his small cabinet of English coins, which he placed and almost worshipped among his fire-side *lares*. They were, the greater part of them, of precious die, in primitive lustre, and he handled them and expatiated on them with the enthusiasm of a Snelling, and the science of a Foulkes. His walls were covered with modern pictures, attractive from historical or tasteful associations. There was nothing but what seemed to

“ point a moral or adorn a tale.”

His passion for books was of the largest scale and dimensions and marked by every species of almost enviable enthusiasm. His anecdotes engrafted on them were racy and sparkling, and I am not quite sure whether it was not in con-

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temptation by him to build a small *oratoire* to the memories of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde. He considered the folios of the latter in the fifteenth century to be miracles of typographical execution, and being a poet himself would have been in veritable ecstasies had he lived to see the unique Chaucer of 1498, which it was my good luck to obtain for the library of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville. I will add but a few specimens of his library —

Armory of Byrdes, printed by Wyght. 12mo, a poem in six-line stanzas. Mr. Heber's copy. A little volume of indescribable rarity, £12 15s.

Arnold's Chronicle, 4to, printed at Antwerp, by Doesborsch. (1502?) £9 2s. 6d.

Boccus and Sydracke, printed by Godfray, at the wits and charge of Robert Saltousde, Monke of Canterbury, 4to, £5 8s. 6d.

Cicero de Officiis, Ulric Zel, £11 11s.

Chaucer's Troylus and Cresseyde, printed by Pynson. (1526.) Folio. This volume had been successively in the libraries of Hubert, the Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. Herbert. It was in parts imperfect, £25.

Marston's Scourge of Villanie. (1598.) 12mo. First edition, of terrific rarity, £18 5s.

Glanville, de Proprietatibus Rerum. Printed by W. de Worde. Folio, £17.

Holland's Heroologia Anglica. (1620.) Folio. So tall a copy that it had the appearance of large paper, £8 2s. 6d.

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Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.* (1596.) 12mo, third edition, £91.

Shakespeare's *Lucrece.* First edition. 1594. 4to. (This was the Lincoln-Chapter copy.) £105.

The entire produce of the sale was £3019.

Ulpian, the associate of Hortensius, was and is—I rejoice to add—a barrister-at-law, and one of the six Clerks in Chancery. In the *Decameron*, he appears under the more euphonious as well as genial name of Palmerin; but the “hermitage” there described has been long deserted by its master and mistress, who have transferred their treasures and curiosities to the sea-girt village or rather town of Ryde and its vicinity, where stained-glass windows and velvet-bound tomes are seen to yet greater advantage.

Leontes, mentioned herein, was the late James Bindley, Esq., of whom a few interesting particulars will be found in the third volume of my *Bibliographical Decameron*. He died before the publication of this latter work. Sir Tristram was the late Sir Walter Scott—then in the effulgence of poetical renown! Prospero was the late Francis Douce, Esq. My *Reminiscences* make copious mention of these celebrated characters.

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Aurelius was intended as the representative of the late George Chalmers, Esq.—the most learned and the most celebrated of all the antiquarians and historians of Scotland. His *Caledonia* is a triumphant proof of his giant-powers. Never before did an author encounter such vast and various difficulties; never was such thick darkness so satisfactorily dispersed. It is a marvellous work in four large quarto volumes, but so indifferently printed and upon such wretched paper that within the next century perhaps not six copies of it will be found entire. The less laborious works of Mr. Chalmers were statistical and philological. Of the latter his tracts relating to Shakespeare and his *Life of Mary Queen of Scots* may be considered the principal.

On the death of Mr. George Chalmers in 1823, his nephew became possessed of his library, and on the death of the nephew in 1841 it was placed by the executors in the hands of Mr. Evans, who brought the first part to sale on the 27th of September, 1841. It consisted of 2292 articles and produced the sum of £2190. The second part was brought to the same hammer, on February 27, 1842, and produced the sum of £1918 2s. 6d. It is on the

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latter part that I am disposed to dwell more particularly, because it was so eminently rich in Shakespearian lore, and because at this present moment the name of our immortal dramatist seems to be invested with a fresh halo of incomparable lustre. The first edition of his smaller works has acquired most extraordinary worth in the book market. The second part of Mr. Chalmers's collection shows that the *Sonnets* of 1595 produced a hundred guineas; while the *Rape of Lucrece*—which perhaps no human being has ever had the perseverance to read through—produced £105 in a preceding sale. The *Venus and Adonis* has kept close pace with its companions.

We may now revel among the rarities of the first part of this extraordinary collection—

Bale's Comedy concernyng thre Lawes of Nature, Moses and Christ, corrupted by the Sodomites, Pharisees and Papistes most wicked, wants the title, first edition, curious portrait of the Author, excessively rare. Inprinted per Nicholaum Bamburgensem, 1538, £10.

Wilkins' *Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ et Hiberniæ*, 4 vols. 1737. Folio, £25.

Such a price is one among the few harmless fruits of the Puseian Controversy !

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Churchyard's Worthiness of Wales, first edition, very rare, 1587. 4to, £24.

In my earlier days of book-collecting I obtained a copy of this most rare volume in an *uncut state* from a Mr. Keene of Hammersmith, who asked me "if I thought half-a-guinea an extravagant price for it." I unhesitatingly replied in the negative. Not long after, the late Mr. Sancho, who succeeded Mr. Payne at the Mews Gate, went on his knees to me, to purchase it for two guineas! His attitude was too humble and the tone of his voice too supplicatory to be resisted. He disposed of it to his patron-friend, the Hon. S. Elliott, for five pounds five shillings. Mr. Elliott had a very choice library and was himself a most amiable and incomparable man. It is some twenty-five years since I first saw him at the late Earl Spencer's at Althorp.

Churchyard: The Firste of Churchyardes *Chippes*, containinge Twelue seuerall Labours, green morocco, gilt leaves, 1578. [?]

The second part of Churchyard's *Chips* was never published.

Churchyard's Generall Rehearsall of Warres, called Churchyardes Choise, imprinted by White, 1579, £7 7s.

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The latter part of this work is in verse, and some have supposed that Churchyard intended it to form the second part of his *Chips*.

Gascoyne's Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes ; excessively rare ; only one other copy known, namely, that which was in the Libraries of G. Steevens and R. Heber. Imprinted by Johnes, 1576, £11 11s.

— Wolsey's Grammar. Rudimenta Grammatices et Docendi Methodus Scholæ Gypsuichianæ per Thomam Cardinalem Ebor., institutam, &c.; rare, Antv. 1536, £4 19s.

The Preface containing directions for the conduct of the school is written by Cardinal Wolsey. The Grammar is by Dean Colet and Lilly.

The Complete History of Cornwall, Part II., being the Parochial History (by William Hals) ; extremely rare, £15.

This is one of the rarest books in the class of British topography. The first part was never printed ; it has therefore no general title. A copy is in the library of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

Patrick Hannay's Nightingale, Sheretine, Happy Husband, Songs, Sonnets, &c., with the frontispiece, including the extremely rare Portrait of Patrick Hannay ; an excessively rare volume when perfect, 1622, £13 5s.

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We believe only one other perfect copy is known, that which was successively in the libraries of Bindley, Perry, Sykes and Rice. No poetical volume in the libraries of these celebrated collectors excited a more lively interest or a keener competition. This was obtained by Mr. Chalmers at Pinkerton's sale in 1812. The portrait of Hannay is a great desideratum to the Granger collectors.

Hutton's (Henry Dunelmensis) Follie's Anatome, or Satyrs and Satyricall Epigrams, 1629. 12mo, £11 11s.

Defoe: Review of the Affairs of France and of all Europe, as influenced by that Nation, with Historical Observations on Public Affairs, and an entertaining part in every sheet (by Defoe), eight vols., excessively rare. The most perfect copy known, 1705, £41.

This is the great desideratum of all the collectors of Defoe's works. It is the most perfect copy known; that which approaches it the nearest is the copy in the British Museum; but that only extends to six vols.

Cronycle of Englond wyt the Frute of Tymes, compylyed by one somtyme Mayster of Saynt Albons. Newly enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde, 1497. The Descrypcyon of Englond (in Prose), also the Descrypcyon of the Londe of Wales, in verse, emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde, 1498,

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2 vols. in 1. The first editions by Wynkyn de Worde; extremely rare, £48.

Ulpian Fulwell's Flower of Fame, containing the bright renowne and most fortunate raigne of King Henry VIII., wherein is mentioned of matters, by the rest of our cronographers ouerpassed, in verse and prose; extremely rare, imprinted by Hoskins, 1575, £9 2s.

See an account of this very curious work in the *Censura Literaria*, written by Gilchrist. It was described from the late Mr. Neunberg's copy, which was sold for £30 9s.

Ulpian Fulwell: The First Parte of the Eighth Liberall Science, entituled Ars Adulandi, the Arte of Flatterie; first edition, excessively rare, title mended, a piece wanting in the centre. 4to. Imprinted by Jones, 1579, £17.

Marlowe: The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, his servants; first edition, excessively rare, and believed to be unique, very fine copy, printed at London by P. S. 1595. 4to, £131.

I refer with pleasure to Mr. Evans's long, learned and satisfactory note upon this most precious volume, which I had the satisfaction of seeing in the Bodleian Library.

Greene in Concept. New raised from his grave to write the Tragique History of Faire Valeria of Lon-

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don, by J. D(ickinson); very rare. 4to. 1598, £15 15s.

Hake, of Gold's Kingdom, described in sundry poems, 1604, 12mo, £13.

Hakluyt: Divers Voyages touching the Discov-
erie of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the
same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and after-
wards by the Frenchmen and Britons, with both the
maps; excessively rare; only one other copy known
to contain the two maps. Imprinted by Wood-
cocke, 1582. 4to, £25.

Myles Hogarde: £19 5s.

“A Mirrour of Loue,
Which such light doth giue,
That all men may learne,
How to loue and liue.”

Imprinted by Caly, 1555.

PART II.

Abraham Fraunce's Lamentations of Amintas for
the death of Phillis, a Poem; excessively rare, £20
10s.

Jhon Fyssher, Student of Oxford: Poems writ-
ten in Dialogue; wants the title and part of a leaf; ex-
tremely rare. Imprinted by John Tisdale, 1558.
£9 9s.

Gascoigne's Whole Woorkes, with the Comedy
of Supposes and the Steele Glasse; best edition;
very fine copy, in russia. Imprinted by Jesse,
1587, £10 15s.

At the end of the volume there is a tract by
Gascoigne, entitled “Certain Notes of Instruc-
tion concerning the Making of verses, or

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Rimes, in English." The tract is not mentioned in the list of contents on the title, and the four leaves very rarely occur.

George Marshall's Compendious Treatise, in Metre, declaring the Firste Originall of Sacrifice, and of the buylding of Aultars and Churches, a Poem; extremely rare. Cawood, 1534, £20 10s.

Gabriel Harvey's Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene and other Parties by him abused. Printed by Wolfe, 1592, £10 10s.

Gabriel Harvey was the intimate friend of Spenser. The immediate occasion of Harvey's writing these letters was to resent Greene's attack on his father; but the permanent value of the volume is the very interesting notices Harvey gives of his literary contemporaries. The work concludes with a sonnet of Spenser, addressed to Harvey.

Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes of Powles; very scarce; 1604, 12mo, £15 15s.

This scarce and curious little volume is not mentioned by Lowndes. The work commences with a Poetical Dialogue between Warre, Famine and Pestilence. The Tales of my Landlord then follow, "Where the Fatte Host tells Tales at the upper ende of the

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Table.” Mine host, however, does not have all the conversation to himself. The guests take a very fair share. One of the interlocutors, Gingle-Spur, alludes to one of Shakespeare’s plays. “This was a prettie Comedy of Errors, my round Host.”

I shall place all the Shakespearian articles consecutively, that the reader may observe in what a rapid ratio their pecuniary value has increased. Of the sonnets the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville possesses one copy, and Thomas Jolley, Esq., another. The history of the acquisition of the latter copy is one of singular interest—almost sufficient to add another day to a Bibliographical Decameron. This copy is in pristine condition and looks as if snatched from the press. Mr. Jolley also possesses a very fine and perfect copy of the first edition of Shakespeare’s works, in folio; but a similar copy, in the library of the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville, will perhaps always continue unrivalled.

Shakespeare’s *Venus and Adonis*; unique. Edinburgh, by John Writtoun, and are to bee sold in his shop, a little beneath the Salt Trone, 1627, £37 10s.

We are always extremely cautious in using the designation unique; but we think we may

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safely do so upon the present occasion. We have made very extensive inquiries on the subject, and have recently written to David Laing, Esq., Keeper of the Library of the Writers to the Signet, from whom we have received a confirmation of our belief. Beloe, in describing this copy, says "it must be considered as an indubitable proof that at a very early period the Scotch knew and admired the genius of Shakespeare." He might have continued, its proceeding from the press of Writtoun was an additional proof, as he only published small popular tracts. Beloe has erroneously given the date 1607 and Lowndes has copied his error. The first books printed by Writtoun were about 1624. His will is printed in the *Bannatyne Miscellany*. The second edition of this precious poem, printed in 1596, produced the sum of £91, at the sale of Baron Bolland's library.

Shakespeare's Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories, first edition. The title a reprint, but the portrait original. With the verses of Ben Jonson, original, but inlaid, blue morocco, 1623, £41.

Shake-Speare's Sonnets, neuer before imprinted; extremely rare, most beautiful copy, in russia. London, by G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Apsley, 1609, £105.

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Shakspeare's Most Excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the Extreame Crueltie of Shylock the Jew, first edition; extremely rare, printed by J. R(oberts) for Thomas Heyes, 1600, £10.

Another copy, second edition; very scarce, printed by J. Roberts, 1600 [?].

Another copy, 1637 [?].

Shakspeare's Midsommer Nights Dreame, second edition, printed by James Roberts, 1600, £105.

Shakspeare's Most Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, second edition; very scarce, 1611, £15.

Only one perfect copy of the first edition is known.

Shakspeare, his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters, second edition, printed for N. Butter, 1608, £14 14s.

Shakspeare's Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandorus Prince of Licia, first edition; extremely rare, imprinted by G. Eld, 1609, £12 15s.

Shakspeare's Richard the Second, with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard, £5.

There were many other early editions of the plays of Shakspeare, but the preceding were the most prominent.

Ovid: The Flores of Ouide de Arte Amandi, with their Englysshe afore them and two Alphabete Tablys; extremely rare, very fine copy, Wynandus de Worde, 1513, £10 15s.

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This edition was wholly unknown to me.

T. Newton. *Atropeion Delion, or the Death of Delia (Queen Elizabeth)*, with the *Teares of her Funerall*, very scarce, 1603, £10 15s.

Hughe Hilarie. *The Resurrection of the Masse*, with the *Wonderful Vertues of the Same*, a Poem; excessively rare, imprinted at Strasburgh in Elsas, 1554, £18.

This is a very bitter satire on the ceremonies, doctrines, and ministers of the Roman Catholic Church.

Skelton. Here after foloweth certaine Bokes compyled by Mayster Skelton, Poet Laureat, Speake Parot, Ware the Hawke, Tunnynge of Eleanoure Rummyne, &c. Imprinted by Kynge and Marche. Here after foloweth a little boke called Colyn Clout, by Master Skelton Poete Laureate, imprinted by Veale. Here after foloweth a little boke, Why come ye not to Courte, by Mayster Skelton, Poet Laureate. This is Skelton's celebrated Satire against Cardinal Wolsey, imprinted by Veale. A little Boke of Philip Sparow, by Mayster Skelton, Poete Laureate, imprinted by Walley — a very curious collection of Poems by Skelton, each very rare, in russia, £23 10s.

In D'Israeli's recent work, *The Amenities of Literature*, there is an excellent article upon Skelton, which contains many acute and original observations. Speaking of the Skeltonical verse, D'Israeli says, "In the quick-returning

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rhymes, the playfulness of the diction, and the pungency of New Words, usually ludicrous, often expressive and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like wild coruscations."

Pierce Plowman. Newes from the North, otherwise called the Conference between Simon Certain and Pierce Plowman, faithfully collected by T. F. Student, extremely rare. E. Allde, 1585, £13.

R. S. The Phœnix Nest, built up with the most rare and refined workes of noblemen, woorthy knighthes, gallant gentlemen, masters of arts and braue schollers, full of varietie, excellent invention and singular delight, never before this time published, set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman; excessively rare. Imprinted by John Jackson, 1593, £40.

Mr. Heber had written in his copy, "Mr. Malone has a copy bought at Dr. Farmer's sale (now in the Bodleian Library), but I know of no other." We may add, those two copies and the present are the only perfect copies known.

Sir Philip Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, first edition; excessively rare. Printed for Henry Olney, 1595, £15 5s.

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“Foure Sonnets written by Henrie Constable to Sir Philip Sidneys Soule” are prefixed. These have not been reprinted in the subsequent editions. Only three other copies of the first edition of this elegant and valuable treatise are known, one of which is in the British Museum and one in the Bridgewater Library.

The Third Part of Mr. Chalmers’s library, abundantly rich in Scotch literature and containing much valuable illustration of the History of Printing in Scotland, will probably quickly succeed the publication of this work. Mr. Chalmers had frequently expressed to me his intention as well as inclination to give a complete History of the Scottish Press; and if the materials collected by him find their way into his native country, it is to be hoped that some enterprising spirit, like that which animates the present librarian of the Signet Library, will find sufficient encouragement to bring them before the public. I bargain for a quarto.

Menalcas—whose fame expands more largely in the *Bibliographical Decameron* and *Reminiscences*—was my old and “very singular good friend” the Rev. Henry Joseph Thomas

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Drury, rector of Fingest, and second master of Harrow School ; second, because he declined to become the first. His library, so rich and rare in classical lore — manuscript as well as printed — was sold by Mr. Evans in 1827. The catalogue contained not fewer than 4729 articles. The bindings, chiefly in Lewisian calf and morocco, were *de toute beauté* ; and the “oblong cabinet” sparkled as the setting sun shot its slanting rays down the backs of the tomes. Of this catalogue there were thirty-five copies only printed upon writing-paper for presents.

This library was strikingly illustrative of the character of its late owner ; for it is little more than a twelvemonth since he has been called away from that numerous and endearing circle, in the midst of which I saw him sitting about a twelvemonth before his departure — the happiest of the happy — on the day of the nuptials of his youngest daughter but one with Captain Beavan. His books were in fine condition throughout, gaily attired in appropriate bindings of calf or morocco as the character and condition might be. His love of old classical manuscripts was properly and greatly beyond that of printed books ; but each

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class was so marked and identified by his calligraphical MS. notes, that you were in a moment convinced his books were not purchased for the mere sake of gorgeous furniture. So entirely were his classical feelings mixed up with his library that he prefixed over the entrance door of his oblong cabinet, in printed letters of gold, the following lines — of which the version is supplied from the *Arundines Cami*, edited by his eldest son, the Rev. Henry Drury.

IN MUSEI MEI ADITU.

Pontificum videas penetralibus eruta lapsis
antiquas Monachum vellera passa manus,
et veteres puncto sine divisore Papyros,
quæque fremit monstris litera picta suis :
ætatis decimæ spectes Industria Quintæ :
quam pulcra Archetypos imprimat arte Duces,
Aldinas ædes ineuns et limina Juntæ
quosque suos Stephanus vellet habere Lares.

H. I. T. D.

OVER THE THRESHOLD OF MY LIBRARY.

From mouldering Abbey's dark Scriptorium brought,
See vellum tomes by Monkish labour wrought;
Nor yet the comma born, Papyri see,
And uncial letters wizard grammar;
View my *fifteeners* in their rugged line;
What ink! what linen! only known long syne—
Entering where Aldus might have fixed his throne,
Or Harry Stephens coveted his own. H. D.

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They were part and parcel of the owner himself. His mind was traceable in many a fly-leaf. His latinity was perspicuity and accuracy itself. He was in all respects a ripe and a good scholar, and the late Provost of Eton, The Rev. Dr. Goodall, told me, on an occasion which has been perhaps too emphasised in certain bibliographical pages, that “England could not then produce a better Greek metrical scholar than his friend Henry Drury.” What was remarkable, he never assumed an *ex cathedrâ* position in society. In bringing forward or pressing quotations, whatever fell from him came easily and naturally, but rarely. Accustomed for many years to be the favourite of the Harrovians, he never affected the airs of the pedagogue. How he could criticise sufficiently appears in an article on the *Musæ Edinburgenses* in an early number of the *Quarterly Review*.

Yet this may be considered secondary matter, and I hasten to record the qualities of his heart and disposition. They were truly Christian-like; inasmuch as a fond and large spirit of benevolence was always beating in his bosom and mantling over a countenance of singular friendliness of expression. He had the power of saying sharp and caustic things, but he used

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his “giant strength” with the gentleness of a child. His letters, of which many hundreds have fallen to my lot, are a perfect reflex of his joyous and elastic mind. There was not a pupil under his care who looked forward to a holiday with more unqualified delight than he; and when we strayed together beneath or upon the heights of the Dover Cliffs—where I last saw him, in the summer of 1840—he would expatiate with equal warmth and felicity upon the Abbey of St. Rhadagund and the Keep of Dover Castle. Our visit to Barfreston Church in the neighbourhood can never be effaced from my mind. His mental enthusiasm and bodily activity could not have been exceeded by that of the captain of Harrow School. He took up my meditated *History of the Dover* as if it were his own work, and his success in cause of subscription in most instances was complete.

And now, after an intimacy minutely recorded in my *Reminiscences* of thirty-three years, it has pleased God to deprive me of his genial and heart-stirring society. His last moments were those of a Christian—“rooted and built up” in that belief which alone sustains us in the struggle of parting from those whom we cherish as the most idolised objects upon

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earth! It was towards sunset that I first paused upon his tomb in the church-yard near the summit of Harrow Hill. For a few moments I was breathless, but not from the steepness of the ascent. The inscription I would submit is too much in the “minor key.” It was the production of his eldest son, who preferred to err from under-rating, rather than over-rating, the good qualities of his parent. For myself in the words of Thomson—

As those we love decay, we die in part;
String after string is severed from the heart!

On the death of Mr. Drury his small library, the remains of his former one, was sold by auction, and those classical books, interleaved and enriched with his manuscript notes, brought large prices. One manuscript of especial celebrity—*Childe Harold*, given him by the author, his pupil Lord Byron—became the property of its publisher Mr. Murray, who purchased it upon terms at once marking his high sense of the talents of the author and his respect for the family where it had been placed. It may be doubtful whether the autograph of any poem since *Paradise Lost* would have obtained a larger sum had it been submitted to public sale.

SUPPLEMENT

Rinaldo was the late Mr. Edwards, of the sale of whose library an extended account will be found in my *Decameron*. It remains briefly but emphatically to remark that of all the book-heroes whose valorous achievements are here recorded two only have survived the lapse of thirty years. Let half of another similar course of time roll on and where will the survivors be? If not at rest in their graves, they will in all probability be “sans teeth, sans eyes, sans every thing;” at least very far beyond “the lean and slippered pantaloon.”

Leaving my surviving friends to fight their own battles, I think I may here venture to say in quiet simplicity and singleness of heart that books, book-sales and book-men will then—if I am spared—pass before me as the faint reflex of “the light of other days!” when literary enterprise and literary fame found a proportionate reward, and when the sickly sentimentality of the novelist had not usurped the post of the instructive philologist.

But enough of Rosicrusius.

PART IV

THE LIBRARY

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN
A GAME AT CHESS.—OF MONACHISM AND
CHIVALRY

DINNER AT LORENZO'S
SOME ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS IN
ENGLAND

*Wisdom loves
This seat serene, and Virtue's self approves.
Here come the griev'd a change of thought to find,
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple chuse;
And here the poet meets his favouring Muse.*

CRABBE'S POEMS. *The Library.*

THE LIBRARY

DR. HENRY'S HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN
A GAME AT CHESS.—OF MONACHISM AND
CHIVALRY

DINNER AT LORENZO'S
SOME ACCOUNT OF BOOK-COLLECTORS IN
ENGLAND

DURING the first seven miles of our return from the busy scene which had just been described, it was sufficiently obvious that Lisardo was suffering a little under the pangs of mortification. True it was, he had filled his pocket with an ampler supply of pistoles than it ever fell to the lot of Gil Blas at the same time of life to be master of, but he had not calculated upon the similar condition of his competitors, some of whom had yet greater powers of purchase and a more resolute determination, as well as nicer skill in exercising these powers than himself. Thus rushing into the combat with the heat and vehemence of youth he was of necessity compelled to experience the disappointment attendant upon such precipitancy.

PROOFS OF CONVERSION

It was in vain that Philemon and myself endeavoured to make him completely satisfied with his purchase; nothing produced a look of complacency from him. At length upon seeing the rising ground which was within two or three miles of our respective homes he cheered up by degrees, and a sudden thought of the treasures contained in his Clément, De Bure and Panzer, darted a gleam of satisfaction across his countenance. His eyes resumed their wonted brilliancy, and all the natural gaiety of his disposition returned with full effect to banish every vapour of melancholy.

“Indeed, my good friend,” said he to me, “I shall always have reason to think and speak well of your kindness shown towards me this day, and although some years may elapse before a similar collection may be disposed of and I must necessarily wait a tedious period ere I get possession of Maittaire, Audiffredi, and others of the old school, yet I hope to convince Lysander, on the exhibition of my purchase, that my conversion to bibliography has been sincere. Yes, I perceive that I have food enough to digest, in the volumes which are now my travelling companions, for two or three years to come; and if by keeping a sharp

THE INVITATION

look-out upon booksellers' catalogues when they are first published, I can catch hold of Vogt, Schelhorn and Heinecken, my progress in bibliography within the same period must be downright marvellous!"

"I congratulate you," exclaimed Philemon, "upon the return of your reason and good sense. I began to think that the story of Orlando had been thrown away upon you, and that his regular yearly purchases of a certain set of books and making himself master of their principal contents before he ventured upon another similar purchase had already been banished from your recollection."

We were now fast approaching the end of our journey, when the groom of Lorenzo mounted upon a well-bred courser darted quickly by the chaise, apparently making towards my house; but on turning his head, and perceiving me within it, he drew up and bade the postilion stop. A note from his master soon disclosed the reason of this interruption. Lorenzo, upon hearing of the arrival of Ly-sander and Philemon and of their wish to visit his library, had sent us all three a kind invitation to dine with him on the morrow. His close intimacy with Lisardo (who was his

POSTPRANDIAL CONVERSATION

neighbour) had left no doubt in the mind of the latter but that a similar note had been sent to his own house. After telling the messenger that we would not fail to pay our respects to his master, we drove briskly homewards, and found Lysander sitting on a stile under some wide-spreading beech-trees at the entrance of the paddock, expecting our arrival. In less than half an hour we sat down to dinner (at a time greatly beyond what I was accustomed to), regaling Lysander during the repast with an account of the contest we had witnessed : and every now and then preventing Lisardo from rushing towards his packet (even in the midst of his *fricandeau*), and displaying his book treasures. After dinner our discussion assumed a more methodical shape. Lysander bestowed his hearty commendations upon the purchase, and in order to whet the bibliomaniacal appetite of his young convert, he slyly observed, that his set of De Bure's pieces were half-bound and uncut ; and that by having them bound in morocco, with gilt leaves, he would excel my own set, which latter was coated in a prettily sprinkled calf-leather, with speckled edges. Lisardo could not repress the joyful sensations which this remark excited,

HENRY'S HISTORY

and I observed that, whenever his eyes glanced upon my shelves, he afterwards returned them upon his own little collection with a look of complacency mingled with exultation. It was evident therefore that he was now thoroughly reconciled to his fortune.

LYSANDER. During your absence I have been reading a very favourite work of mine, Dr. Henry's *History of Great Britain*, — especially that part of it which I prefer so much to the history of human cunning and human slaughter; I mean, the account of learning and of learned men.

PHILEMON. It is also a great favourite with me. But while I regret the inexcusable omission of an index to such a voluminous work and the inequality of Mr. Andrews's partial continuation of it, I must be permitted to observe that the history of our literature and learned men is not the most brilliant or best executed part of Dr. Henry's valuable labours. There are many omissions to supply and much interesting additional matter to bring forward, even in some of the most elaborate parts of it. His account of the arts might also be improved, although in commerce, manners and customs, I think he has done as much and as well as

CRITICISM WELL DIRECTED

could reasonably be expected. I question, however, whether his work from the plan upon which it is executed will ever become so popular as its fondest admirers seem to hope.

LYSANDER. You are to consider, Philemon, that in the execution of such an important whole, in the erection of so immense a fabric, some parts must necessarily be finished in a less workmanlike style than others. And after all there is a good deal of caprice in our criticisms. You fancy, in this fabric—if I may be allowed to go on with my simile—a boudoir, a hall or a staircase, and fix a critical eye upon a recess badly contrived, an oval badly turned, or pillars weakly put together: the builder says, Don't look at these parts of the fabric with such fastidious nicety; they are subordinate. If my boudoir will hold a moderate collection of old-fashioned Dresden China, if my staircase be stout enough to conduct you and your company to the upper rooms, and if my hall be spacious enough to hold the hats, umbrellas and walking-sticks of your largest dinner-party, they answer the ends proposed, unless you would live in your boudoir, upon your staircase or within your hall! The fact then is, you, Philemon, prefer the

CRITICISM WELL DIRECTED

boudoir and might perhaps improve upon its structure; but recollect there are places in a house of equal or perhaps more consequence than this beloved boudoir. Now to make the obvious application to the work which has given rise to this wonderful stretch of imagination on my part, Dr. Henry is the builder, and his history is the building in question: in the latter he had to put together with skill and credit a number of weighty parts, of which the *Civil and Ecclesiastical* is undoubtedly the most important to the generality of readers. But one of these component parts was the *History of Learning and of Learned Men*, which its author probably thought of subordinate consequence, or in the management of which, to allow you the full force of your objection, he was not so well skilled. Yet still, never before having been thus connected with such a building, it was undoubtedly a delightful acquisition, and I question whether, if it had been more elaborately executed, if it had exhibited all the fret-work and sparkling points which you seem to conceive necessary to its completion, I question whether the popularity of the work would have been even so great as it is and as it unquestionably merits to be! A few passion-

CRITICISM WELL DIRECTED

ately smitten literary antiquaries are not perhaps the fittest judges of such a production. To be generally useful and profitable should be the object of every author of a similar publication, and as far as candour and liberality of sentiment, an unaffected and manly style, accompanied with weighty matter, extensive research and faithful quotation render a work nationally valuable — the work of Dr. Henry on these grounds is an ornament and honour to his country.

PHILEMON. Yet I wish he had rambled — if you will permit me so to speak — a little more into book men and book anecdotes.

LYSANDER. You may indulge this wish very innocently ; but certainly you ought not to censure Dr. Henry for the omission of such minutiae.

LISARDO. Does he ever quote Clément, De Bure or Panzer?

LYSANDER. Away with such bibliomaniacal frenzy ! He quotes solid, useful and respectable authorities, chiefly our old and most valuable historians. No writer before him ever did them so much justice or displayed a more familiar acquaintance with them.

LISARDO. Do pray give us, Lysander, some

INTEREST IN BOOK-COLLECTORS

little sketches of book-characters, which, I admit, did not enter into the plan of Dr. Henry's excellent work. As I possess the original quarto edition of this latter, bound in russia, you will not censure me for a want of respect towards the author.

PHILEMON. I second Lisardo's motion, although I fear the evening presses too hard upon us to admit of much present discussion.

LYSANDER. Nothing — speaking most unaffectedly from my heart — nothing affords me sincerer pleasure than to do any thing in my power which may please such cordial friends as yourselves. My pretensions to that sort of antiquarian knowledge, which belongs to the history of book-collectors, are very poor, as you well know, they being greatly eclipsed by my zeal in the same cause. But as I love my country and my country's literature, so no conversation or research affords me a livelier pleasure than that which leads me to become better acquainted with the ages which have gone by, with the great and good men of old, who have found the most imperishable monuments of their fame in the sympathizing hearts of their successors. But I am wandering —

LISARDO. Go on as you please, dear Ly-

TIME SHORT

sander, for I have been too much indebted to your conversation ever to suppose it could diverge into any thing censoriously irrelevant. Begin where and when you please.

LYSANDER. I assure you it is far from my intention to make any formal exordium, even if I knew the exact object of your request.

PHILEMON. Tell us all about book-collecting and Bibliomaniacs in this country —

LISARDO. “Commencez au commencement,” as the French adage is.

LYSANDER. In sober truth, you impose upon me a pretty tough task! “One Thousand and One Nights” would hardly suffice for the execution of it; and now already I see the owl flying across the lawn to take her station in the neighbouring oak, while even the middle ground of yonder landscape is veiled in the blue haziness of evening. Come a short half-hour, and who unless the moon befriend him can see the outline of the village church? Thus gradually and imperceptibly, but thus surely, succeeds age to youth, death to life, eternity to time! You see in what sort of mood I am for the performance of my promise?

LISARDO. Reserve these meditations for your pillow, dear Lysander. And now again

MIDDLE AGES

I entreat you — “commencez au commencement.”

PHILEMON. Pray make a beginning only : the conclusion shall be reserved as a dessert for Lorenzo’s dinner to-morrow.

LYSANDER. Lest I should be thought coquettish, I will act with you as I have already done and endeavour to say something which may gratify you as before.

It has often struck me, my dear friends, continued Lysander — in a balanced attitude and seeming to bring quietly together all his scattered thoughts upon the subject — it has often struck me that few things have operated more unfavourably towards the encouragement of learning and of book-collecting than the universal passion for *chivalry* which obtained towards the middle ages ; while, on the other hand, a monastic life seems to have excited a love of retirement, meditation and reading.⁵⁷ I admit readily that, considering the long continuance of the monastic orders and that almost all intellectual improvement was confined within the cloister, a very slow and partial progress was made in literature. The system of education was a poor, stinted and unproductive one. Nor was it till after the

MONASTIC COPYISTS

enterprising activity of Poggio had succeeded in securing a few precious remains of classical antiquity, that the wretched indolence of the monastic life began to be diverted from a constant meditation upon “antiphoners, grailes, and psalters,”⁵⁸ towards subjects of a more generally interesting nature. I am willing to admit every degree of merit to the manual dexterity of the cloistered student. I admire his snow-white vellum missals, emblazoned with gold and sparkling with carmine and ultramarine blue. By the help of the microscopic glass I peruse his diminutive penmanship, executed with the most astonishing neatness and regularity, and often wish in my heart that our typographers printed with ink as glossy black as that which they sometimes used in their writing. I admire all this, and now and then for a guinea or two I purchase a specimen of such marvellous legerdemain ; but the book when purchased is to me a sealed book. And yet, Philemon, I blame not the individual but the age, not the task but the task-maker ; for surely the same exquisite and unrivalled beauty would have been exhibited in copying an ode of Horace or a dictum of Quintilian. Still, however, you may say that

CHIVALRY UNFAVOURABLE

the intention in all this was pure and meritorious ; for that such a system excited insensibly a love of quiet, domestic order and seriousness, while those counsels and regulations which punished a “clerk for being a hunter,” and restricted “the intercourse of concubines,”⁵⁹ evinced a spirit of jurisprudence which would have done justice to any age. Let us allow then, if you please, that a love of book-reading and of book-collecting was a meritorious trait in the monastic life, and that we are to look upon old abbeys and convents as the sacred depositories of the literature of past ages. What can you say in defence of your times of beloved chivalry ?

PHILEMON. Show me in what respect the gallant spirit of an ancient knight was hostile to the cultivation of the belles-lettres ?

LYSANDER. Most readily. Look at your old romances, and what is the system of education, of youthful pursuits, which they in general inculcate ? Intrigue and bloodshed.⁶⁰ Examine your favourite new edition of the *Fabliaux et Contes* of the middle ages, collected by Barbazan ! However the editor may say that “though some of these pieces are a little too free, others breathe a spirit of morality

THE AGE OF FISTS

and religion," the main scope of the poems taken collectively is that which has just been mentioned. But let us come to particulars. What is there in the *Ordène de Chevalerie*, or *Le Castoientement d'un Père à son fils* — pieces in which one would expect a little seriousness of youthful instruction — that can possibly excite a love of reading, book-collecting or domestic quiet? Again, let us see what these chivalrous lads do as soon as they become able-bodied! Nothing but assault and wound one another. Read concerning your favourite Oliver of Castile and his half-brother Arthur in the *Hystorye of Olyuer of Castylle, and of the fayre Helayne*:

When the king saw that they were puissant enough for to wield armour at their ease, he gave them license for to do cry a Justing and Tournament. The which Oliver and Arthur made for to be cried, that three adventurous knights should just against all comers, the which should find them there the first day of the lusty month of May, in complete harness, for to just against their adversaries with sharp spears. And the said three champions should just three days in three colours: that is to wit, in black, grey and violet — and their shields of the same hue; and them to find on the third day at the lists. There justed divers young knights of the king's court; and the justing was more *asperer* of those young knights than ever they had seen any in that country. And by the report of the ladies, they did

THE AGE OF FISTS

so knightly, every one, that it was not possible for to do better, as them thought, by their strokes. But, above all other, Oliver and Arthur (his loyal fellow) had the *bruit* and *loos*. The justing endured long: it was marvel to see the hideous strokes that they dealt; for the justing had not finished so soon but that the night *separated* them. Nevertheless, the adversary party abode 'till the torches were light. But the ladies and *damoyselles*, that of all the justing time had been there, were weary, and would depart. Wherefore the justers departed in likewise, and went and disarmed them for to come to the banquet or feast. And when that the banquet was finished and done, the dances began. And there came the king and the valiant knights of arms, for to enquire of the ladies and *damoyselles*, who that had best borne him as for that day. The ladies, which were all of one accord and agreement, said that Oliver and Arthur had surmounted all the best doers of that *journey*. And by cause that Oliver and Arthur were both of one party, and that they could find but little difference between them of knighthood, they knew not the which they might sustain. But, in the end, they said that Arthur had done right valiantly; nevertheless, they said that Oliver had done best unto their seeming. And therefore it was concluded that the pryce should be given unto Oliver, as for the best of them of within. And another noble knight, of the realm of Algarbe, that came with the queen, had the pryce of without. When the pryce of the justs that had been made was brought before Oliver by two fair *damoyselles*, he waxed all red and was ashamed at that present time; and said that it was of their bounty for to give him the pryce and not of his desert: nevertheless, he received it; and, as it was of

HONOURABLE COMBAT

custom in guerdoning them, he kissed them. And soon after they brought the wine and spices ; and then the dances and the feast took an end as for that night.

Or open the beautiful volumes of the late interesting translation of Monstrelet, and what is almost the very first thing which meets your eye ? Why, an esquire of Arragon (one of your chivalrous heroes) named Michel D'Orris, sends a challenge to an English esquire of the same complexion with himself—and this is the nature of the challenge, which I will read from the volume, as it is close at my right hand, and I have been dipping into it this morning in your absence—

First, to enter the lists on foot, each armed in the manner he shall please, having a dagger and sword attached to any part of his body, and a battle-axe, with the handle of such length as the challenger shall fix on. The combat to be as follows : ten strokes of the battle-axe without intermission ; and when these strokes shall have been given and the judge shall cry out “Ho!” ten cuts with the sword to be given without intermission or change of armour. When the judge shall cry out “Ho !” we will resort to our daggers and give ten stabs with them. Should either party lose or drop his weapon, the other may continue the use of the one in his hand until the judge shall cry out “Ho !”

A very pretty specimen of honourable com-

CHACUN À SON GOÛT

bat, truly! and a mighty merciful judge who required even more cuts and thrusts than these (for the combat is to go on) before he cried out “Ho!” Defend us from such ejaculatory umpires!

LISARDO. Pray dwell no longer upon such barbarous heroism! We admit that Monachism may have contributed towards the making of bibliomaniacs more effectually than Chivalry. Now proceed—

These words had hardly escaped Lisardo, when the arrival of my worthy neighbour Narcottus, who lived by the parsonage house, put a stop to the discourse. Agreeably to a promise which I had made him three days before, he came to play a game of chess with Philemon, who on his part, although a distinguished champion at this head-distracting game, gave way rather reluctantly to the performance of the promise; for Lysander was now about to enter upon the history of the Bibliomania in this country. The chess-board, however, was brought out, and down to the contest the combatants sat, while Lisardo retired to one corner of the room to examine thoroughly his newly purchased volumes, and Lysander took down a prettily executed octavo

HEAVY AUTHORS

volume upon the Game of Chess, printed at Cheltenham about six years ago, and composed “by an amateur.” While we were examining in this neat work an account of the numerous publications upon the Game of Chess, in various countries and languages, and were expressing our delight in reading anecdotes about eminent chess-players, Lisardo was carefully packing up his books, as he expected his servant every minute to take them away. The servant shortly arrived, and upon his expressing his inability to carry the entire packet—

“Here,” exclaimed Lisardo, “do you take the quartos, and follow me; who will march onward with the octavos.”

This was no sooner said than our young bibliomaniacal convert gave De Bure, Gaignat and La Vallière a vigorous swing across his shoulders, while the twenty quarto volumes of Clément and Panzer were piled, like “Ossa upon Pelion,” upon those of his servant, and

Light of foot and light of heart

Lisardo took leave of us till the morrow.

Meanwhile, the chess combat continued with unabated spirit. Here Philemon’s king stood pretty firmly guarded by both his knights,

GAME OF CHESS

one castle, one bishop and a body of common soldiers, impenetrable as the Grecian phalanx or Roman legion, while his queen had made a sly sortie to surprise the only surviving knight of Narcottus. Narcottus, on the other hand, was cautiously collecting his scattered foot-soldiers, and with two bishops and two castle-armed elephants was meditating a desperate onset to retrieve the disgrace of his lost queen. An inadvertent remark from Lysander concerning the antiquity of the game attracted the attention of Philemon so much as to throw him off his guard, while his queen, forgetful of her sex and venturing unprotected like Penthesilea of old into the thickest of the fight, was trampled under foot without mercy by a huge elephant, carrying a castle of armed men upon his back. Shouts of applause from Narcottus's men rent the vaulted air, while grief and consternation possessed the astonished army of Philemon.

“Away with your antiquarian questions!” exclaimed the latter, looking sharply at Lysander, “away with your old editions of the Game of Chess! The moment is critical and I fear the day may be lost. Now for desperate action !”

SIR LAUNCELOT'S OATH

So saying, he bade the king exhort his dismayed subjects. His majesty made a spirited oration and called upon Sir Launcelot, the most distinguished of the two knights, to be mindful of his own and of his country's honour, to spare the effusion of blood among his subjects as much as possible, but rather to place victory or defeat in the comparative skill of the officers, and at all events to rally round that throne which had conferred such high marks of distinction upon his ancestors.

“I needed not, gracious sire,” replied Sir Launcelot, curbing in his mouth-foaming steed and fixing his spear in the rest, “I needed not to be here reminded of your kindness to my forefathers or of the necessity of doing every thing, at such a crisis, beseeming the honour of a true round-table knight. Yes, gracious sovereign, I swear to you by the love I bear to the Lady of the Lake, by the remembrance of the soft moments we have passed together in the honeysuckle bowers of her father, by all that a knight of chivalry is taught to believe the most sacred and binding — I swear that I will not return this day alive without the laurel of victory entwined round my brow. Right well do I perceive that deeds and not

SIR GALAAD, TO THE RESCUE!

words must save us now, let the issue of the combat prove my valour and allegiance."

Upon this, Sir Launcelot clapped spurs to his horse, and after driving an unprotected Bishop into the midst of the foot-soldiers, who quickly took him prisoner, he sprang forward with a lion-like nimbleness and ferocity, to pick out Sir Galaad, the only remaining knight in the adverse army, to single combat. Sir Galaad, strong and wary, like the Greenland bear when assailed by the darts and bullets of our whale-fishing men, marked the fury of Sir Launcelot's course, and sought rather to present a formidable defence by calling to aid his elephants than to meet such a champion single-handed. A shrill blast from his horn told the danger of his situation and the necessity of help. What should now be done? The unbroken ranks of Philemon's men presented a fearful front to the advance of the elephants, and the recent capture of a venerable bishop had made the monarch, on Narcottus's side, justly fearful of risking the safety of his empire by leaving himself wholly without episcopal aid.

Meanwhile the progress of Sir Launcelot was marked with blood and he was of neces-

FEARFUL SLAUGHTER

sity compelled to slaughter a host of common men, who stood thickly around Sir Galaad, resolved to conquer or die by his side. At length, as Master Laneham aptly expresses it, “get they grysly together.” The hostile leaders met; there was neither time nor disposition for parley. Sir Galaad threw his javelin with well-directed fury, which, flying within a hair’s breadth of Sir Launcelot’s shoulder, passed onward, and grazing the cheek of a foot soldier, stood quivering in the sand. He then was about to draw his ponderous sword, but the tremendous spear of Sir Launcelot, whizzing strongly in the air, passed through his thickly quilted belt, and, burying itself in his bowels, made Sir Galaad to fall breathless from his horse. Now might you hear the shouts of victory on one side, and the groans of the vanquished on the other; or, as old Homer expresses it,

Victors’ and vanquished shouts promiscuous rise.
With streams of blood the slippery fields are dyed,
And slaughtered heroes swell the dreadful tide.

And truly the army of Narcottus seemed wasted with a great slaughter; yet on neither side had the monarch been *checked* so as to be put in personal danger! “While there is life

ALAS! SIR LAUNCELOT

there is hope," said the surviving bishop on the side of Narcottus, who now taking upon him the command of the army and perceiving Sir Launcelot to be pretty nearly exhausted with fatigue and wantonly exposing his person, ordered the men-at-arms to charge him briskly on all sides; while his own two castles kept a check upon the remaining castle, knight and bishop of the opposite army; also he exhorted the king to make a feint, as if about to march onwards.

Sir Launcelot, on perceiving the movement of the monarch, sprang forward to make him a prisoner; but he was surprised by an elephant in ambuscade, from whose castle-bearing back a well-shot arrow pierced his corslet and inflicted a mortal wound. He fell, but in falling he seemed to smile even sweetly, as he thought upon the noble speech of Sir Bohort over the dead body of his illustrious ancestor of the same name; and, exhorting his gallant men to revenge his fall, he held the handle of his sword firmly, till his whole frame was stiffened in death.

And now the battle was renewed with equal courage and equal hopes of victory on both sides; but the loss of the flower of their armies

EPISCOPAL STRATEGY

and especially of their beloved spouses had heavily oppressed the adverse monarchs, who, retiring to a secured spot, bemoaned in secret the hapless deaths of their queens, and bitterly bewailed that injudicious law which of necessity so much exposed their fair persons by giving them such an unlimited power. The fortune of the day, therefore, remained in the hands of the respective commanders; and if the knight and bishop on Philemon's side had not contested about superiority of rule, the victory had surely been with Philemon. But the strife of these commanders threw every thing into confusion. The men, after being trampled upon by the elephants of Narcottus, left their king exposed, without the power of being aided by his castle. An error so fatal was instantly perceived by the bishop of Narcottus's shattered army, who, like another Ximenes,⁶¹ putting himself at the head of his forces and calling upon his men resolutely to march onwards, gave orders for the elephants to be moved cautiously at a distance and to lose no opportunity of making the opposite monarch prisoner. Thus while he charged in front and captured with his own hands the remaining adverse knight, his men kept the adverse bishop from sending reinforce-

CHECKMATE

ments, and Philemon's elephant not having an opportunity of sweeping across the plain to come to the timely aid of the king, the victory was speedily obtained, for the men upon the backs of Narcottus's elephants kept up so tremendous a discharge of arrows that the monarch was left without a single attendant, and of necessity was obliged to submit to the generosity of his captors.

Thus ended one of the most memorable chess contests upon record. Not more stubbornly did the Grecians and Romans upon Troy's plain or the English and French upon Egypt's shores contend for the palm of victory, than did Philemon and Narcottus compel their respective forces to signalise themselves in this hard-fought game. To change the simile for a more homely one: no Northamptonshire hunt was ever more vigorously kept up; and had it not been—at least so Philemon thought!—for the inadvertent questions of Lysander respecting the antiquity of the amusement an easy victory would have been obtained by my guest over my neighbour. Lysander with his usual politeness took all the blame upon himself. Philemon felt, as all chess-combatants feel upon defeat, peevish and vexed. But the

LISARDO DISAPPOINTED

admirably well adapted conversation of Lysander and the natural diffidence of Narcottus served to smooth Philemon's ruffled plumage and at length diffused over his countenance his natural glow of good humour.

It was now fast advancing towards midnight, when Narcottus withdrew to his house and my guests to their chambers.

To-morrow came and with the morrow came composure and hilarity in the countenances of my guests. The defeat of the preceding evening was no longer thought of, except that Philemon betrayed some little marks of irritability on Lysander's showing him the fac-simile wood-cuts of the pieces and men in Caxton's edition of the *Game of Chess* which are published in the recent edition of the *Typographical Antiquities* of our country.

Lisardo visited us betimes. His countenance on his entrance gave indication of vexation and disappointment, as well it might, for on his return home the preceding evening he found the following note from Lorenzo :—

“ MY DEAR LISARDO,— Our friend's visitors, Lysander and Philemon, are coming with their host to eat old mutton and drink old sherry with me to-morrow ; and afterwards to discuss subjects of bibliography. I do not ask you to join them because I

WELCOME, LISARDO

know your thorough aversion to everything connected with such topics. Adieu !

Truly yours,
LORENZO.”

“ Little,” exclaimed Lisardo, “ does he know of my conversion. I’ll join you uninvited and abide by the consequences.”

At four o’clock we set off, in company with Lisardo, for Lorenzo’s dinner. I need hardly add that the company of the latter was cordially welcomed by our host, who before the course of pastry was cleared away proposed a sparkling bumper of Malmsey madeira, to commemorate his conversion to Bibliomanicism. By half-past five we were ushered into the library to partake of a costly dessert of rock-melons and Hamburg grapes with all their appropriate embellishments of nectarines and nuts. Massive and curiously cut decanters filled with the genuine juice of the grape strayed backwards and forwards upon the table; and well-furnished minds which could not refuse the luxury of such a feast made every thing as pleasant as rational pleasure could be.

LISARDO. If Lorenzo have not any thing which he may conceive more interesting to

A DESULTORY PLAN

propose, I move that you, good Lysander, now resume the discussion of a subject which you so pleasantly commenced last night.

PHILEMON. I rise to second the motion.

LORENZO. And I, to give it every support in my power.

LYSANDER. There is no resisting such adroitly levelled attacks. Do pray tell me what it is you wish me to go on with?

PHILEMON. The history of book-collecting and of book-collectors in this country.

LISARDO. The history of Bibliomania, if you please.

LYSANDER. You are madder than the maddest of book-collectors, Lisardo. But I will gossip away upon the subjects as well as I am able.

I think we left off with an abuse of the anti-bibliomaniacal powers of chivalry. Let us pursue a more systematic method and begin, as Lisardo says, "at the beginning."

In the plan which I may pursue you must forgive me, my friends, if you find it desultory and irregular; and as a proof of the sincerity of your criticism I earnestly beg that, like the chivalrous judge of whom mention was made last night, you will cry out "Ho!" when you wish me to cease. But where shall we begin?

EARLY BIBLIOMANIACS

From what period shall we take up the history of Bookism—or, if you please, Bibliomania in this country? Let us pass over those long-bearded gentlemen called the Druids, for in the various hypotheses which sagacious antiquaries have advanced upon their beloved Stonehenge, none, I believe, are to be found wherein the traces of a library in that vast ruin are pretended to be discovered. As the Druids were sparing of their writing they probably read the more; but whether they carried their books with them into trees or made their pillows of them upon Salisbury-plain tradition is equally silent.

Let us therefore preserve the same prudent silence and march on at once into the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries in which the learning of Bede, Alcuin, Erigena and Alfred strikes us with no small degree of amazement. Yet we must not forget that their predecessor Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, was among the earliest book-collectors in this country, for he brought over from Rome not only a number of able professors, but a valuable collection of books. Such, however, was the scarcity of the book article that Benedict Bishop, a founder of the monastery of Weremouth

EARLY BIBLIOMANIACS

in Northumberland, a short time after made not fewer than five journeys to Rome to purchase books and other necessary things for his monastery—for one of which books our immortal Alfred, a very *helluo librorum!* as you will presently learn, gave afterwards as much land as eight ploughs could labour.

We now proceed to Bede, whose library I conjecture to have been both copious and curious. What matin and midnight vigils must this literary phenomenon have patiently sustained! What a full and variously furnished mind was his! Read the table of contents of the eight folio volumes of the Cologne edition⁶² of his works, as given by Dr. Henry in the appendix to the fourth volume of his history of our own country; and judge, however you may wish that the author had gone less into abstruse and ponderous subjects, whether it was barely possible to avoid falling upon such themes, considering the gross ignorance and strong bias of the age? Before this, perhaps, I ought slightly to have noticed Ina, king of the West Saxons, whose ideas of the comforts of a monastery, and whose partiality to handsome book-binding, we may gather from a curious passage in Stowe's *Chronicle* or *Annals*.⁶³

EARLY BIBLIOMANIACS

We have mentioned Alcuin, whom Ashmole calls one of the school-mistresses to France. How incomparably brilliant and beautifully polished was this great man's mind! and withal what an enthusiastic bibliomaniac! Read in particular his celebrated letter to Charlemagne, which Dr. Henry has very ably translated, and see how zealous he there shows himself to enrich the library of his archiepiscopal patron with good books and industrious students. The archbishop's library together with the cathedral of York was accidentally burnt by fire in the reign of Stephen. Well might Egbert be proud of his librarian, the first, I believe, upon record, who has composed a catalogue of books in Latin hexameter verse; and full reluctantly, I ween, did this librarian take leave of his cell stored with the choicest volumes, as we may judge from his pathetic address to it on quitting England for France! If I recollect rightly, Mr. Turner's elegant translation of it begins thus:

O my loved cell, sweet dwelling of my soul,
Must I for ever say, dear spot, farewell?

Now, don't imagine, my dear Lisardo, that this anguish of heart proceeded from his leav-

ERIGENA

ing behind all the woodbines and apple-trees and singing birds which were wont to gratify his senses near the said cell, and which he could readily meet with in another clime! No, no, this monody is the genuine language of a bibliomaniac, upon being compelled to take a long adieu of his choicest book treasures, stored in some secretly cut recess of his hermitage, and of which neither his patron nor his illustrious predecessor Bede had ever dreamt of the existence of copies!

But it is time to think of Johannes Scotus Erigena; the most facetious wag of his times, notwithstanding his surname of the Wise. “While Great Britain,” says Bale, “was a prey to intestine wars, our philosopher was travelling quietly abroad amidst the academic bowers of Greece;” and there I suppose he acquired, with his knowledge of the Greek language, a taste for book-collecting and punning. He was in truth a marvellous man; as we may gather from the eulogy of him by Brucker.⁶⁴

In his celebrated work upon predestination he maintained that “material fire is no part of the torments of the damned;”⁶⁵ a very singular notion in those times of frightful superstition, when the minds of men were har-

KING ALFRED

rowed into despair by descriptions of hell's torments; and I notice it here merely because I should like to be informed in what curious book the said John Scotus Erigena acquired the said notion. Let us now proceed to Alfred, whose bust, I see, adorns that department of Lorenzo's library which is devoted to English History.

This great and good man, the boast and the bulwark of his country, was instructed by his mother from infancy in such golden rules of virtue and good sense that one feels a regret at not knowing more of the family, early years and character of such a parent. As she told him that "a wise and a good man suffered no part of his time, but what is necessarily devoted to bodily exercise, to pass in unprofitable inactivity," you may be sure that with such book propensities as he felt Alfred did not fail to make the most of the fleeting hour. Accordingly we find from his ancient biographer that he resolutely set to work by the aid of his wax tapers⁶⁶ and produced some very respectable compositions, for which I refer you to Mr. Sharon Turner's excellent account of their author, in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*; adding only that Alfred's translation of Boethius is esteemed his most popular performance.

KING ATHELSTAN

After Alfred we may just notice his son Edward and his grandson Athelstan, the former of whom is supposed by Rous—one of the most credulous of our early historians—to have founded the University of Cambridge. The latter had probably greater abilities than his predecessor; and a thousand pities it is that William of Malmesbury should have been so stern and squeamish as not to give us the substance of that old book containing a life of Athelstan, which he discovered and supposed to be coeval with the monarch, because forsooth the account was too uniformly flattering! Let me here, however, refer you to that beautiful translation of a Saxon ode, written in commemoration of Athelstan's decisive victory over the Danes of Brunamburg, which Mr. George Ellis has inserted in his interesting volumes of Specimens of the Early English Poets; and always bear in recollection that this monarch showed the best proof of his attachment to books by employing as many learned men as he could collect together for the purpose of translating the Scriptures into his native Saxon tongue.

Let us pass by that extraordinary scholar, courtier, statesman and monk, St. Dunstan, by

INGULPH

observing only that as he was even more to Edgar than Wolsey was to Henry VIII., so if there had then been the same love of literature and progress in civilization which marked the opening of the sixteenth century, Dunstan would have equalled if not eclipsed Wolsey in the magnificence and utility of his institutions. How many volumes of legends he gave to the library of Glastonbury, of which he was once the abbot, or to Canterbury, of which he was afterwards the Archbishop, I cannot take upon me to guess, as I have neither of Hearne's three publications relating to Glastonbury in my humble library.⁶⁷

We may open the eleventh century with Canute, upon whose political talents this is not the place to expatiate; but of whose bibliomaniacal character the illuminated MS. of The Four Gospels in the Danish tongue—now in the British Museum, and once this monarch's own book—leaves not the shadow of a doubt! From Canute we may proceed to notice that extraordinary literary triumvirate—Ingulph, Lanfranc, and Anselm. No rational man can hesitate about numbering them among the very first-rate book-collectors of that age. As to Ingulph, let us only follow him, in his boyhood, in

LANFRANC

his removal from school to college; let us fancy we see him, with his *Quatuor Sermones* on a Sunday and his *Cunabula Artis Grammaticæ* on a week-day, under his arm, making his obeisance to Edgitha, the queen of Edward the Confessor, and introduced by her to William Duke of Normandy! Again, when he was placed by this latter at the head of the rich abbey of Croyland, let us fancy we see him both adding to and arranging its curious library,⁶⁸ before he ventured upon writing the history of the said abbey. From Ingulph we go to Lanfranc, who in his earlier years gratified his book appetites in the quiet and congenial seclusion of his little favourite abbey in Normandy; where he afterwards opened a school the celebrity of which was acknowledged throughout Europe. From being a pedagogue let us trace him in his virtuous career to the primacy of England; and when we read of his studious and unimpeachable behaviour as head of the see of Canterbury, let us acknowledge that a love of books and of mental cultivation is among the few comforts in this world of which neither craft nor misfortune can deprive us. To Lanfranc succeeded in book-fame and in professional elevation his

ANSELM — GIRALD

disciple Anselm, who was “lettered and chaste of his childhood,” says Trevisa, but who was better suited to the cloister than to the primacy. For although like Wulston, Bishop of Worcester, he might have “sung a long mass, and held him *apayred* with only the offering of Christian men, and was holden a clean *mayde*, and did no outrage in drink,” yet in his intercourse with William II. and Henry I. he involved himself in ceaseless quarrels, and quitted both his archiepiscopal chair and the country. His memory, however, is consecrated among the fathers of scholastic divinity.

And here you may expect me to notice that curious book reader and collector, Girald, Archbishop of York, who died just at the close of the eleventh century —

“This yere deyd thomas archebishop of york and gyralde was archebishop after him; a lecherous man, a wytch and euyl doer, as the fame tellyth, for under his pyle whan he deyde in an erber was founde a book of curyous craftes, the book hight Julius frumeus. In that booke he radde pryuely in the under tydes, therefor unnethe the clerkes of his chirche would suffre him be buryed under heuene without hooly chirche.”

Let us fancy we see him, according to Trevisa, creeping quietly to his garden arbour, and devoting his midnight vigils to the investiga-

HERMAN

tion of that old-fashioned author, Julius Firmicus, whom Fabricius calls by a name little short of that of an old woman. It is a pity we know not more of the private studies of such a bibliomaniac. And equally to be lamented it is that we have not some more substantial biographical memoirs of that distinguished bibliomaniac, Herman, bishop of Salisbury, a Norman by birth, and who learnt the art of book-binding and book-illumination before he had been brought over into this country by William the Conqueror—a character, by the bye, who, however completely hollow were his claims to the crown of England, can never be reproached with a backwardness in promoting learned men to the several great offices of church and state. Leland tells us that Herman erected “a noble library at Salisbury, having got together some of the best and most ancient works of illustrious authors;” and Dugdale, according to Warton, says that “he was so fond of letters that he did not disdain to bind and illuminate books.”

LORENZO. If you proceed thus systematically, my good Lysander, the morning cock will crow ere we arrive at the book annals even of the Reformation.

THOMAS À BECKET

LYSANDER. It is true; I am proceeding rather too methodically. And yet I suppose I should not obtain Lisardo's forgiveness if, in arriving at the period of Henry II.,⁶⁹ I did not notice that extraordinary student and politician, Becket!

LISARDO. At your peril omit him! I think (although my black-letter reading be very limited) that Bale, in his *Englyshe Votaryes*, has a curious description of this renowned archbishop, whose attachment to books in his boyish years must on all sides be admitted.

LYSANDER. You are right. Bale in his *Englyshe Votaryes* has some extraordinary strokes of description in his account of this canonised character—

As those authors report, which chiefly wrote Thomas Becket's life—whose names are Herbert Boseham, John Salisbury, William of Canterbury, Alen of Tewkesbury, Benet of Peterborough, Stephen Langton, and Richard Croyland—he bestoyed his youth in all kinds of lascivious lightness, and lecherous wantonness. After certain robberies, rapes, and murders, committed in the king's wars at the siege of Toulouse in Languedoc, and in other places else, as he was come home again into England, he gave himself to great study, not of the holy scriptures, but of the bishop of Rome's lousy laws, whereby he first of all obtained to be archdeacon of Canterbury, under Theobald the archbishop; then high chancellor of

THOMAS À BECKET

England; metropolitan, archbishop, primate; pope of England, and great legate from antichrist's own right side. In the time of his high-chancellorship, being but an ale-brewer's son of London, John Capgrave saith that he took upon him as he had been a prince. He played the courtier altogether, and fashioned himself wholly to the king's delights. He ruffled it out in the whole cloth with a mighty rabble of disguised ruffians at his tail. He sought the worldly honour with him that sought it most. He thought it a pleasant thing to have the flattering praises of the multitude. His bridle was of silver, his saddle of velvet, his stirrups, spurs, and bosses double gilt; his expenses far passing the expenses of an earl. That delight was not on the earth that he had not plenty of. He fed with the fattest, was clad with the softest, and kept company with the pleasantest. Was not this (think you) a good man to live chaste? I trow it was.

But if I can trust to my memory—which the juice of Lorenzo's nectar here before us may have somewhat impaired—Tyndale has also an equally animated account of the same—who deserves notwithstanding his pomp and haughtiness to be numbered among the most notorious bibliomaniacs of his age.

Although I wish to be as laconic as possible in my *Catalogue Raisonné* of libraries and of book-collectors during the earlier periods of our history, yet I must beg to remind you that some of the nunneries and monasteries about

GIRALD BARRI

these times contained rather valuable collections of books; and indeed those of Glasgow, Peterborough and Glastonbury⁷⁰ deserve to be particularly noticed and commended. But I will push on with the personal history of literature or rather of the Bibliomania.

I should be wanting in proper respect to the gentlemanly and scholar-like editor of his works, if I omitted the mention of that celebrated tourist and topographer, Girald Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis, whose Irish and Welsh itinerary has been recently so beautifully and successfully put forth in our own language. Giraldus, long before and after he was bishop of St. David's, seems to have had the most enthusiastic admiration of British antiquities, and I confess it would have been among the keenest delights of my existence, had I lived at the period, to have been among his auditors when he read aloud (perhaps from a stone pulpit) his three books of the *Topography of Ireland*. Dr. Henry says:—

Having finished his *Topography of Ireland*, which consisted of three books, he published it at Oxford, A.D. 1187, in the following manner, in three days. On the first day he read the first book to a great concourse of people, and afterwards entertained all the poor of the town. On the second day he read

GIRALD BARRI

the second book, and entertained all the doctors and chief scholars: and on the third day he read the third book, and entertained the younger scholars, soldiers, and burgesses. . . . A most glorious spectacle (says he), which revived the ancient times of the poets, and of which no example had been seen in England.

How many choice volumes, written and emblazoned upon snow-white vellum and containing many a curious and precious genealogy, must this observing traveller and curious investigator have examined, when he was making the tour of Ireland in the suite of Prince afterwards King John ! Judge of the anxiety of certain antiquated families, especially of the Welsh nation, which stimulated them to open their choicest treasures in the book way to gratify the genealogical ardour of our tourist !

LISARDO. I wish from my heart that Girald Barri had been somewhat more communicative on this head !

LORENZO. Of what do you suppose he would have informed us had he indulged this bibliographical gossiping ?

LISARDO. Of many a grand and many a curious volume.

LYSANDER. Not exactly so, Lisardo. The

SUCCESS TO BIBLIOMANIA !

art of book-illumination in this country was then sufficiently barbarous, if at all known.

LISARDO. And yet I'll lay a vellum Aldus that Henry the Second presented his fair Rosamond with some choice *Heures de Notre Dame* ! But proceed. I beg pardon for this interruption.

LYSANDER. Nay, there is nothing to solicit pardon for ! We have each a right around this hospitable table to indulge our book whims, and mine may be as fantastical as any.

LORENZO. Pray proceed, Lysander, in your book-collecting history ! unless you will permit me to make a pause or interruption of two minutes—by proposing as a sentiment—“ Success to the Bibliomania ! ”

PHILEMON. 'T is well observed ; and as every loyal subject at our great taverns drinks the health of his Sovereign “ with three times three up-standing,” even so let us hail this sentiment of Lorenzo !

LISARDO. Philemon has cheated me of an eloquent speech. But let us receive the sentiment as he proposes it.

LORENZO. Now the uproar of Bacchus has subsided, the instructive conversation of Minerva may follow. Go on, Lysander.

ROGER BACON

LYSANDER. Having endeavoured to do justice to Girald Barri, I know of no other particularly distinguished bibliomaniac till we approach the era of the incomparable Roger or Friar Bacon. I say incomparable, Lorenzo, because he was in truth a constellation of the very first splendour and magnitude in the dark times in which he lived; and notwithstanding a sagacious writer—if my memory be not treacherous —of the name of Coxe, chooses to tell us that he was “miserably starved to death, because he could not introduce a piece of roast-beef into his stomach, on account of having made a league with Satan to eat only cheese,” yet I suspect that the end of Bacon was hastened by other means more disgraceful to the age and equally painful to himself.

Only let us imagine we see this sharp-eyed philosopher at work in his study. How heedlessly did he hear the murmuring of the stream beneath, and of the winds without—immersed in the vellum and parchment rolls of theological, astrological and mathematical lore, which, upon the dispersion of the libraries of the Jews, he was constantly perusing, and of which so large a share had fallen to his own lot!

ROGER BACON

In Gutch's *Hist. et Antiquit. Univ. Oxon.*, vol. i., 329, Wood says: "At their (the Jews') expulsion, divers of their tenements that were forfeited to the king, came into the hands of William Burnell, Provost of Wells; and *their books* (for many of them were learned) to divers of our scholars; among whom, as is verily supposed, Roger Bacon was one, and that he furnished himself with such Hebrew rarities that he could not elsewhere find. Also that, when he died, he left them to the Franciscan library at Oxon, which, being not well understood in after-times, were condemned to moths and dust!" Weep, weep, kind-hearted bibliomaniac, when thou thinkest upon the fate of these poor Hebrew MSS.!

Unfortunately, my friends, little is known with certainty, though much is vaguely conjectured, of the labours of this great man. Some of the first scholars and authors of our own and of other countries have been proud to celebrate his praises; nor would it be considered a disgrace by the most eminent of modern experimental philosophers—of him, who has been described as "unlocking the hidden treasures of nature, and explaining the various systems by which air and earth and fire and water counteract and sustain each other"—to fix the laureate crown round the brows of our venerable Bacon!

We have now reached the close of the thirteenth century and the reign of Edward I.

EDWARD III.

when the principal thing that strikes us connected with the history of libraries is this monarch's insatiable lust of strengthening his title to the kingdom of Scotland by purchasing "the libraries of all the monasteries" for the securing of any record which might corroborate the same. What he gave for this tremendous book-purchase or of what nature were the volumes purchased or what was their subsequent destination is a knot yet remaining to be untied.

Of the bibliomaniacal propensity of Edward's grandson, the great Edward III., there can be no question. Indeed, I could gossip away upon the same till midnight. His severe disappointment upon having Froissart's presentation copy of his *Chronicles*⁷¹—gorgeously attired as it must have been — taken from him by the Duke of Anjou is alone a sufficient demonstration of his love of books; while his patronage of Chaucer shows that he had accurate notions of intellectual excellence. Printing had not yet begun to give any hint, however faint, of its wonderful powers, and scriveners or book-copiers were sufficiently ignorant and careless.

The mention of Edward III. as a patron of learned men must necessarily lead a book anti-

CHARLES V. OF FRANCE

quary to the notice of his eminent chancellor Richard De Bury, of whom, as you may recollect, some slight mention was made the day before yesterday. It is hardly possible to conceive a more active and enthusiastic lover of books than was this extraordinary character, the passion never deserting him even while he sat upon the bench.

Dr. James's preface to this book is the veriest piece of old maidenish particularity that ever was exhibited! However, the editor's enthusiastic admiration of De Bury obtains his forgiveness in the bosom of every honest bibliomaniac!

It was probably De Bury's intention to make his royal master eclipse his contemporary Charles V., of France, the most renowned foreign bibliomaniac of his age.

He may be called the founder of the Royal Library there. The history of his first efforts to erect a national library is thus, in part, related by the compilers of *Cat. de la Bibliothèque Royale*, "This wise king took advantage of the peace which then obtained, in order to cultivate letters more successfully than had hitherto been done. He was learned for his age; and never did a prince love reading and book-collecting better than did he! He was not only constantly making transcripts himself, but the noblemen, courtiers, and officers that surrounded him voluntarily tendered their services in the like cause; while, on the other hand, a number of learned men,

DE BURY

seduced by his liberal rewards, spared nothing to add to his literary treasures. Charles now determined to give his subjects every possible advantage from this accumulation of books; and, with this view, he lodged them in one of the *Towers of the Louvre*; which tower was hence called *La Tour de la Librairie*. The books occupied three stories: in the first, were deposited 269 volumes; in the second 260; and in the third, 381 volumes. In order to preserve them with the utmost care (say Sauval and Felibien), the king caused all the windows of the library to be fortified with iron bars; between which was painted glass, secured by brass-wires. And that the books might be accessible at all hours, there were suspended from the ceiling thirty chandeliers and a silver lamp, which burnt all night long. The walls were wainscoted with Irish wood; and the ceiling was covered with cypress wood: the whole being curiously sculptured in bas-relief."

In truth, my dear friends, what can be more delightful to a lover of his country's intellectual reputation than to find such a character as De Bury, in such an age of war and blood-shed, uniting the calm and mild character of a legislator with the sagacity of a philosopher and the elegant-mindedness of a scholar! Foreigners have been profuse in their commendations of him and with the greatest justice; while our Thomas Warton, of ever-to-be-respected memory, has shown us how pleasantly he could descend from the graver

DE BURY

tone of an historical antiquary, by indulging himself in a chit-chat style of book-anecdote respecting this illustrious character.

De Bury bequeathed a valuable library of MSS. to Durham, now Trinity College, Oxford. The books of this library were first packed up in chests; but upon the completion of the room to receive them, "they were put into pews or studies, and chained to them." De Bury's *Philobiblion*, from which so much has been extracted, is said by Morhof to "savour somewhat of the rudeness of the age, but is rather elegantly written; and many things are well expressed in it relating to bibliothecism." The real author is supposed to have been Robert Holcott, a Dominican friar. I am, however, loth to suppress a part of what Warton has so pleasantly written (as above alluded to by Lysander) respecting such a favourite as De Bury. "Richard de Bury, otherwise called Richard Aungerville, is said to have alone possessed more books than all the bishops of England together. Beside the fixed libraries which he had formed in his several palaces, the floor of his common apartment was so covered with books that those who entered could not with due reverence approach his presence. He kept binders, illuminators and writers, in his palaces. Petrarch says that he had once a conversation with him concerning the island called by the ancients Thule; calling him 'virum ardentis ingenii.' While chancellor and treasurer, instead of the usual presents and new-year's gifts appendant to his office, he chose to receive those perquisites in books. By the favour of Edward III. he gained access to the libraries of most of the capital monasteries; where he shook off the dust from vol-

DE BURY

umes, preserved in chests and presses, which had not been opened for many ages.” Godwyn says that De Bury was the son of one Sir Richard Angaruill, knight: “that he saith of himselfe ‘exstatico quodam librorum amore potenter se abreptum’—that he was mightily carried away, and even beside himself, with immoderate love of bookees and desire of reading. He had alwaies in his house many chaplaines, all great schollers. His manner was, at dinner and supper-time, to haue some good booke read unto him, whereof he would discourse with his chaplaines a great part of the day following, if busines interrupted not his course. He was very bountiful unto the poore. Weekly he bestowed for their reliefe, eight quarters of wheat made into bread, beside the offal and fragments of his tables. Riding betweene Newcastle and Durham he would give eight pounds in alms; from Durham to Stocton, five pounds: from Durham to Aukland, five marks; from Durham to Middleham, five pounds,” &c. This latter quality is the pars melior of every human being; and bibliomaniacs seem to have possessed it as largely as any other tribe of mortals.

LORENZO. The task we have imposed upon you, my good Lysander, would be severe indeed if you were to notice, with minute exactness, all the book anecdotes of the middle ages. You have properly introduced the name and authority of Warton; but if you suffered yourself to be beguiled by his enchanting style into all the bibliographical gossiping of this period, you would have no mercy upon

WARTON

your lungs and there would be no end to the disquisition.

LYSANDER. Forgive me, if I have transgressed the boundaries of good sense or good breeding: it was not my intention to make a "*Concio ad Aulam*," as worthy old Bishop Saunderson was fond of making, but simply to state facts or indulge in book chit-chat as my memory served me.

LISARDO. Nay, Lorenzo, do not disturb the stream of Lysander's eloquence. I could listen till "jocund day stood tip-toe on the mountain."

PHILEMON. You are a little unconscionable, Lisardo; but I apprehend Lorenzo meant only to guard Lysander against that minuteness of narration which takes us into every library and every study of the period at which we are arrived. If I recollect aright Warton was obliged to restrain himself in the same cause.

LORENZO. It belongs to me, Lysander, to solicit your forgiveness. If you are not tired with the discussion of such a various and extensive subject, and more particularly from the energetic manner in which it is conducted on your part, rely upon it that your auditors

DISCOURSE DESULTORY

cannot possibly feel *ennui*. Every thing before us partakes of your enthusiasm; the wine becomes mellower and sparkles with a ruddier glow, the flavour of the fruit is improved, and the scintillations of your conversational eloquence are scattered amidst my books, my busts and my pictures. Proceed, I entreat you; but first accept my libation offered up at the shrine of an offended deity.

LYSANDER. You do me and the Bibliomania too much honour. If my blushes do not overpower me, I will proceed; but first receive the attestation of the deity that he is no longer affronted with you. I drink to your health and long life! and proceed:—

If among the numerous and gorgeous books which now surround us, it should be my good fortune to put my hand upon one, however small or imperfect, which could give us some account of the History of British Libraries, it would save me a great deal of trouble by causing me to maintain at least a chronological consistency in my discourse. But, since this cannot be, since with all our love of books and of learning we have this pleasing desideratum yet to be supplied, I must go on in my usual desultory manner in rambling

CURIOS ANECDOTE

among libraries and discoursing about books and book-collectors. As we enter upon the reign of Henry IV., we cannot avoid the mention of that distinguished library hunter and book describer, John Boston of Bury, who may justly be considered the Leland of his day. Gale, if I recollect rightly, unaccountably describes his bibliomaniacal career as having taken place in the reign of Henry VII.; but Bale and Pitts, from whom Tanner has borrowed his account, unequivocally affix the date of 1410 to Boston's death, which is three years before the death of Henry. It is allowed by the warmest partisans of the Reformation that the dissolution of the monastic libraries has unfortunately rendered the labours of Boston of scarcely any present utility.

There is a curious anecdote of this period in Rymer's *Fædera*, about taking off the duty upon *six barrels of books*, sent by a Roman Cardinal to the prior of the Conventual church of St. Trinity, Norwich. These barrels, which lay at the custom-house, were imported duty free; and I suspect that Henry's third son, the celebrated John, Duke of Bedford, who was then a lad and just beginning to feed his bibliomaniacal appetite, had some hand in inter-

DUKE OF BEDFORD

ceding with his father for the redemption of the duty.

LISARDO. This Duke of Bedford was the most notorious bibliomaniac as well as warrior of his age, and when abroad was indefatigable in stirring up the emulation of Flemish and French artists to execute for him the most splendid books of devotion. I have heard great things of what goes by the name of *The Bedford Missal!*⁷²

LYSANDER. And not greater than what merits to be said of it. I have seen this splendid *bijou* in the charming collection of our friend —. It is a small thick folio, highly illuminated, and displaying as well in the paintings as in the calligraphy the graphic powers of that age, which had not yet witnessed even the dry pencil of Perugino. More gorgeous, more beautifully elaborate and more correctly graceful missals may be in existence, but a more curious, interesting and perfect specimen of its kind is nowhere to be seen, the portraits of the Duke and of his royal brother Henry V. being the best paintings known of the age. 'T is in truth a lovely treasure in the book way, and it should sleep every night upon an eider-down pillow encircled with emeralds!

ADMIRABLE FASHION

LISARDO. Hear him! hear him! Lysander must be a collateral descendant of this noble bibliomaniac, whose blood now circulating in his veins thus moves him to “discourse most eloquently.”

LYSANDER. Banter as you please, only “don’t disturb the stream of eloquence.”

The period of this distinguished nobleman was that in which book-collecting began to assume a fixed and important character in this country. Oxford saw a glimmering of civilization dawning in her obscured atmosphere. A short but dark night had succeeded the patriotic efforts of De Bury, whose curious volumes, bequeathed to Trinity College, had lain in a melancholy and deserted condition till they were kept company by those of Cobham Bishop of Worcester, Rede Bishop of Chichester, and Humphrey the good Duke of Gloucester.⁷³ Now began the fashion — and may it never fall to decay! — of making presents to public libraries. But during the short and splendid career of Henry V., learning yielded to arms, the reputation of a scholar to that of a soldier. I am not aware of any thing at this period connected with the subject of our discourse that deserves particular

SIR WALTER SHERINGTON

mention, although we ought never to name this illustrious monarch or to think of his matchless prowess in arms without calling to mind how he adorned the rough character of a soldier by the manners of a prince, the feelings of a Christian, and, I had almost said, the devotion of a saint.

The reign of his successor Henry VI. was the reign of trouble and desolation. It is not to be wondered that learning drooped, and religion “waxed faint,” midst the din of arms and the effusion of human blood. Yet towards the close of this reign some attempt was made to befriend the book cause, for the provost and fellows of Eton and Cambridge petitioned the king to assist them in increasing the number of books in their libraries; but the result of this petition has never, I believe, been known.

I had nearly passed through the reign of Henry VI. without noticing the very meritorious labours of a sort of precursor of Dean Colet,—I mean Sir Walter Sherington. He was a most assiduous bibliomaniac and in the true spirit of ancient monachism conceived that no cathedral could be perfect without a library. Accordingly he not only brought to-

ERA OF BIBLIOMANIA

gether an extraordinary number of curious books, but framed laws or regulations concerning the treatment of the books and the hours of perusing them, which if I can trust to my memory are rather curious and worth your examination. They are in Hearne's edition of the *Antiquities of Glastonbury*, composed in our own language.

We now enter upon the reign of an active and enterprising monarch who, though he may be supposed to have cut his way to the throne by his sword, does not appear to have persecuted the cause of learning, but rather to have looked with a gracious eye upon its operations by means of the press. In the reign of Edward IV. our venerable and worthy Caxton fixed the first press that was ever set to work in this country, in the abbey of Westminster. Yes, Lorenzo, now commenced more decidedly the era of Bibliomania! Now the rich and comparatively poor began to build them small book Rooms or Libraries. At first both the architecture and furniture were sufficiently rude, if I remember well the generality of wood-cuts of ancient book boudoirs — a few simple implements only being deemed necessary, and a three-legged stool, “in fashion

ERA OF BIBLIOMANIA

square or round,” as Cowper says in *The Task*, was thought luxury sufficient for the hard student to sit upon. The entire passage is worth extraction ; as it well describes many an old stool which has served for many a studious philosopher :

Joint stools were then created : on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms.
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen ; but perforated sore,
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

Now commenced a general love and patronage of books ; now (to borrow the language of John Fox's *Book of Martyrs*) “tongues became known, knowledge grew, judgment increased, books were dispersed, the scripture was read, stories were opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected and with finger pointed (at) — and all, through the benefit of printing.”

LISARDO. Now you have arrived at this period, pray concentrate your anecdotes into a reasonable compass. As you have inveigled us into the printing-office of Caxton, I am

PRESENTATION COPIES

fearful from your strong attachment to him that we shall not get over the threshold of it into the open air again until midnight.

PHILEMON. Order, order, Lisardo ! This is downright rudeness. I appeal to the chair !—

LORENZO. Lisardo is unquestionably reprehensible. His eagerness makes him sometimes lose sight of good breeding.

LYSANDER. I was going to mention some vellum and presentation copies — but I shall hurry forward.

LISARDO. Nay, if you love me, omit nothing about “vellum and presentation copies.” Speak at large upon these glorious subjects.

LYSANDER. Poor Lisardo !—we must build an iron cage to contain such a book-madman as he promises to become !

PHILEMON. Proceed, dear Lysander, and no longer heed these interruptions.

LYSANDER. Nay, I was only about to observe that, as Caxton is known to have printed upon vellum, it is most probable that one of his presentation copies of the romances of *Jason* and *Godfrey of Boulogne* — executed under the patronage of Edward IV. — might have been printed in the same manner. Be

TIPTOFT AND CAXTON

this as it may it seems reasonable to conclude that Edward IV. was not only fond of books as objects of beauty or curiosity, but that he had some affection for literature and literary characters; for how could the firm friend and generous patron of Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, with whom this monarch had spent many a studious as well as jovial hour, be insensible to the charms of intellectual refinement! Pause we here for one moment, and let us pour the juice of the blackest grape upon the votive tablet consecrated to the memory of this illustrious nobleman! and as Caxton has become so fashionable⁷⁴ among us, I will read to you, from yonder beautiful copy of his English edition of *Tully upon Friendship*, a part of our printer's affecting eulogy upon the translator: — “O good blessed Lord God, what great loss was it of that noble, virtuous, and well-disposed lord! When I remember and advertise his life, his science, and his virtue, me thinketh God not displeased over a great loss of such a man, considering his estate and cunning,” &c. “At his death every man that was there, might learn to die and take his (own) death patiently; wherein I hope and doubt not, but that God received his soul into his everlasting bliss.

TIPTOFT AND CAXTON

For as I am informed he right advisedly ordained all his things, as well for his last will of worldly goods, as for his soul's health ; and patiently, and holily, without grudging, in charity, to fore that he departed out of this world : which is gladsome and joyous to hear.” — What say you to this specimen of Caxtonian eloquence ?

LISARDO. It has a considerable merit, but my attention has been a good deal diverted, during your appropriate recital of it, to the beautiful condition of the copy. Thrice happy Lorenzo ! what sum will convey this volume to my own library !

LORENZO. No offer in the shape of money shall take it hence. I am an enthusiast in the cause of Tiptoft and am always upon the watch to discover any volume, printed by Caxton, which contains the composition of the hapless Earl of Worcester ! Dr. Henry has spoken so handsomely of him, and Mr. Park in his excellent edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*⁷⁵ has made his literary character so interesting that, considering the dearth of early good English authors, I know of no other name that merits greater respect and admiration.

NEVELL'S FEAST

LYSANDER. True; and this nobleman's attention to the acquisition of fine and useful books, when he was abroad, for the benefit of his own country, gives him a distinguished place in the list of bibliomaniacs. I dare say Lisardo would give some few hundred guineas for his bust, executed by Flaxman, standing upon a pedestal composed of the original editions of his works, bound in grave-coloured morocco by his favourite Faulkener?⁷⁶

LISARDO. I entreat you not to inflame my imagination by such tantalising pictures! You know this must ever be a fiction; the most successful bibliomaniac never attained to such human happiness.

PHILEMON. Leave Lisardo to his miseries and proceed.

LYSANDER. I have supposed Edward to have spent some jovial hours with this unfortunate nobleman. It is thought that our monarch and he partook of the superb feast which was given by the famous Nevell, archbishop of York, at the enthronisation of the latter, and I am curious to know of what the library of such a munificent ecclesiastical character was composed! But perhaps this feast itself is one of Lisardo's fictions.

NEVELL'S FEAST

But no ! the particulars of it, “out of an old paper roll in the archives of the Bodleian library,” are given by Hearne in the sixth volume of *Leland's Collectanea*. And a most extraordinary and amusing bill of fare it is. The last twenty dinners given by the Lord Mayors at Guildhall, upon the first day of their mayoralties, were only *sandwiches*, compared with such a repast ! What does the reader think of 2000 chickens, 4000 pigeons, 4000 coneys, 500 “and mo,” stags, bucks, and roes, with 4000 “pasties of venison colde ?” — and these barely an eighteenth part of the kind of meats served up ! At the high table our amiable Earl of Worcester was seated, with the Archbishop, three Bishops, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Oxford. The fictitious archiepiscopal feast was the one intended to be given by Nevell to Edward IV., when the latter “appointed a day to come to hunt in More in Hertfordshire, and make merry with him.” Nevell made magnificent preparations for the royal visit; but instead of receiving the monarch as a guest, he was saluted by some of his officers, who “arrested him for treason,” and imprisoned him at Calais and Guisnes. The cause of this sudden and apparently monstrous conduct, on the part of Edward has not been told by Stow nor by Godwyn, both of whom relate the fact with singular naïveté.

Enough has probably been said of Edward. We will stop, therefore, but a minute to notice the completion of the Humphrey Library and the bibliomaniacal spirit of master Richard Courtney,” during the same reign, and give but another minute to the mention of the

AUGUSTAN BOOK AGE

statute of Richard III. in protection of English printers,⁷⁸ when we reach the Augustan book age, in the reign of Henry VII.

PHILEMON. Before we proceed to discuss the bibliomaniacal ravages of this age, we had better retire with Lorenzo's leave to the drawing-room, to partake of a beverage less potent than that which is now before us.

LORENZO. Just as you please. But I should apprehend that Lysander could hold out till he reached the Reformation, and besides I am not sure whether our retreat be quite ready for us.

LISARDO. Pray let us not take leave of all these beauteous books and busts and pictures just at present. If Lysander's lungs will bear him out another twenty minutes, we shall by that time have reached the Reformation; and then "our retreat," as Lorenzo calls it, may be quite ready for our reception.

LYSANDER. Settle it between yourselves. But I think I could hold out for another twenty minutes—since you will make me your only book orator.

LORENZO. Let it be so then. I will order the lamps to be lit, so that Lisardo may see his favourite Wouvermans and Berghems, in company with my romances (which latter are con-

BIZARRE CUTS

fined in my satin-wood book-case), to every possible degree of perfection!

LYSANDER. Provided you indulge me also with a sight of these delightful objects, you shall have what you desire; and thus I proceed:—

Of the great passion of Henry VII. for fine books, even before he ascended the throne of England, there is certainly no doubt. And while he was king, we may judge even from the splendid fragments of his library which are collected in the British Museum of the nicety of his taste and of the soundness of his judgment. That he should love extravagant books of devotion, as well as histories and chronicles, must be considered the fault of the age rather than of the individual. I will not, however, take upon me to say that the slumbers of this monarch were disturbed in consequence of the extraordinary and frightful passages, which, accompanied with bizarre cuts,⁷⁹ were now introduced into almost every work, both of ascetic divinity and also of plain practical morality. His predecessor Richard had in all probability been alarmed by the images which the reading of these books had created; and I guess that it was from such frightful objects, rather than

HENRY VII.

from the ghosts of his murdered brethren, that he was compelled to pass a sleepless night before the memorable battle of Bosworth Field. If one of those artists who used to design the horrible pictures which are engraved in many old didactic volumes of this period had ventured to take a peep into Richard's tent, I question whether he would not have seen, lying upon an oaken table, an early edition of some of those fearful works of which he had himself aided in the embellishment, and of which Heinecken has given us such curious fac-similes; and this, in my humble apprehension, is quite sufficient to account for all the terrible workings in Richard, which Shakespeare has so vividly described.

LISARDO. This is, at least, an original idea, and has escaped the sagacity of every commentator in the last twenty-one volume edition of the works of our bard.

LYSANDER. But to return to Henry. I should imagine that his mind was not much affected by the perusal of this description of books, but rather that he was constantly meditating upon some old arithmetical work—the prototype of Cocker—which in the desolation of the ensuing half century has unfortu-

THE REFORMATION

nately perished. Yet, if this monarch be accused of avaricious propensities, if in consequence of speculating deeply in large-paper and vellum copies he made his coffers to run over with gold, it must be remembered that he was at the same time a patron as well as judge of architectural artists; and while the completion of the structure of King's college Chapel, Cambridge, and the building of his own magnificent chapel at Westminster—in which latter, I suspect, he had a curiously carved gothic closet for the preservation of choice copies from Caxton's neighbouring press,—afford decisive proofs of Henry's skill in matters of taste, the rivalship of printers and of book-buyers shows that the example of the monarch was greatly favourable to the propagation of the Bibliomania. Indeed, such was the progress of the book-disease that in the very year of Henry's death appeared for the first time in this country an edition of *The Ship of Fools*, in which work ostentatious and ignorant book-collectors are, amongst other characters, severely satirised.

We have now reached the threshold of the reign of Henry VIII., and of the era of the Reformation—an era in every respect most important, but, in proportion to its importance,

BEWARE THE MICROBES

equally difficult to describe, as it operates upon the history of the Bibliomania. Now blazed forth, but blazed for a short period, the exquisite talents of Wyatt, Surrey, Vaux, Fischer, More and, when he made his abode with us, the incomparable Erasmus. But these in their turn.

PHILEMON. You omit Wolsey. Surely he knew something about books?

LYSANDER. I am at present only making the sketch of my grand picture. Wolsey, I assure you, shall stand in the foreground. Nor shall the immortal Leland be treated in a less distinguished manner. Give me only “ample room and verge enough,” and a little time to collect my powers, and then—

LISARDO. “Yes, and then”—you will infect us from top to toe with the book disease!

PHILEMON. In truth I already begin to feel the consequence of the innumerable miasmata of it, which are floating in the atmosphere of this library. I move that we adjourn to a purer air.

LYSANDER. I second the motion, for having reached the commencement of Henry’s reign, it will be difficult to stop at any period in it previous to that of the Reformation.

BEAT A RETREAT

LISARDO. Agreed! Thanks to the bacchanalian bounty of Lorenzo, we are sufficiently enlivened to enter yet further and more enthusiastically into this congenial discourse. Dame Nature and good sense equally admonish us now to depart. Let us, therefore, close the apertures of these gorgeous decanters:—

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt!

THE SUPPLEMENT

THIS part embraces the History of Literature in the formation of Libraries, from the Conquest to the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., and undoubtedly contains much that is curious and instructive. Two new characters only are introduced — Lorenzo and Narcottus.

The former was intended to represent the late Sir Masterman Mark Sykes, Bart.; the latter, a William Templeman, Esq., of Hare Hatch, Berkshire. Sir Mark Sykes was not less known than respected for the suavity of his manners, the kindness of his disposition and the liberality of his conduct on all matters connected with books and prints. A long and particular account of his library, and of many of his book purchases, will be seen in the third volume of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, and at pages 321, 373 of my *Literary Reminiscences*. His library and his prints brought each pretty much the same sum; together, £60,000 — an astounding result! Sir Mark is the last great

SUPPLEMENT

bibliomaniacal sun that has shed its golden as well as parting rays, upon a terribly chapfallen British public. Mr. Templeman, represented as Narcottus, was a great chess-player, and although Caxton's *Game at Chess* is a mere dull morality, having nothing to do with the game strictly so called, yet he would have everything in his library where the word "chess" was introduced. In the words of the old catch he would "add the night unto the day" in the prosecution of his darling recreation, and boasted of having once given a signal defeat to the Rev. Mr. Bowdler, after having been defeated himself by Lord Henry Seymour, the renowned chess-champion of the Isle of Wight. He said he once sat upon Phillidor's knee, who patted his cheek and told him "there was nothing like chess and English roast-beef."

The notice of poor George Faulkner, one of the more celebrated bookbinders of the day, is amplified at page 524 of the second volume of the *Decameron*, where the painful circumstances attending his death are slightly mentioned. He yet lives and lives strongly in my remembrance. Since then, indeed within a very few years, the famous Charles Lewis, of whose bibliopegistic renown the Decamer-

SUPPLEMENT

onic pages have expatiated fully, has ceased to be. He was carried off suddenly by an apoplectic seizure. His eldest son, a sort of “*spes altera Romæ*” in his way, very quickly followed the fate of his father. The name of Lewis will be always held high in the estimation of bibliopegistic *virtuosi*. But the art of bookbinding is not deteriorating, and I am not sure whether John Clarke of Frith Street, Soho, be not as “mighty a man” in his way as any of his predecessors. There is a solidity, strength and squareness of workmanship about his books, which seem to convince you that they may be tossed from the summit of Snowdon to that of Cader Idris without detriment or serious injury. His gilding is first rate, both for choice of ornament and splendour of gold. Nor is his coadjutor, William Bedford, of less potent renown. He was the great adjunct of the late Charles Lewis and imbibes the same taste and the same spirit of perseverance. Accident brought me one morning in contact with a set of the new Dugdale’s *Monasticon*, bound in blue morocco and most gorgeously bound and gilded, lying upon the table of Mr. James Bohn—a mountain of bibliopegistic grandeur! A sort of irrepressible

SUPPLEMENT

awe kept you back even from turning over the coats or covers ! And what a work, deserving of pearls and precious stones in its outward garniture !

“ Who was the happy man to accomplish such a piece of binding ? ” observed I .

“ Who but John Clarke ? ” replied the bibliopole.

Good binding — even Roger-Payne-binding — is gadding abroad everywhere. At Oxford they have ‘ a spirit ’ of this description who loses a night’s rest if he haplessly shave off the sixteenth part of an inch of a rough edge of an uncut Hearne. My friend Dr. Bliss has placed volumes before me from the same mintage which have staggered belief as an indigenous production of academic soil. At Reading also some splendid leaves are taken from the same book. Mr. Snare the publisher keeps one of the most talented bookbinders in the kingdom — from the school of Clarke, and feeds him upon something more substantial than rose leaves and jessamine blossoms. He is a great man for a harlequin’s jacket and would have gone crazy at the sight of some of the specimens at Strawberry Hill. No man can put a varied-coloured morocco coat upon the back of a book with greater care, taste and success than our Reading bibliopegist.

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